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Oct. '66

No. 106

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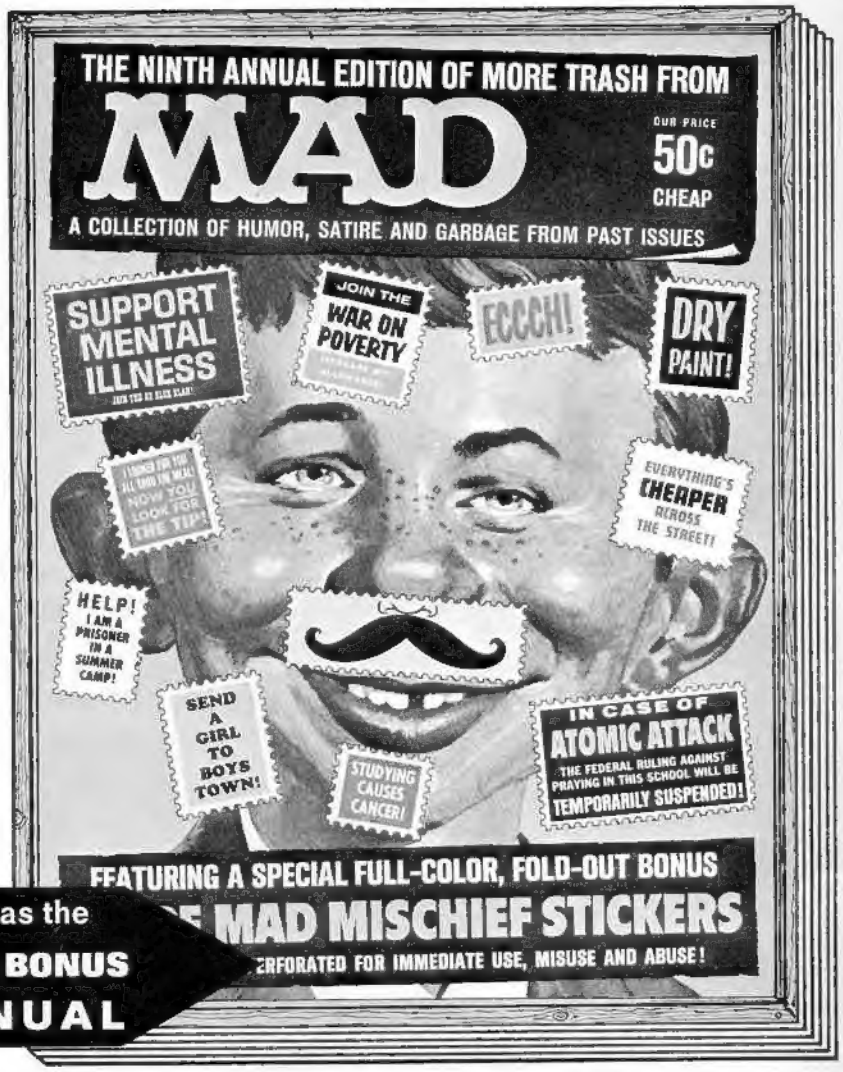

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NUMBER 106 OCTOBER 1966

MAD

"Whether a man winds up with a nest egg or a goose egg often depends upon the chick he marries!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN FUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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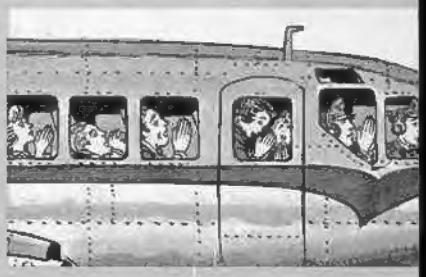

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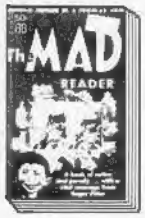
WHY SUFFER SHELF-DENIAL?



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LETTERS DEPT.

LOUSED UP IN SPACE

Your June issue was exceptional. I've just finished reading it, and I felt that I must sit down and write. "Loused Up In Space" was the best satire on television programs, or movies, or whatever that I've read in your magazine or any other for that matter. You really caught the idiocy of the program perfectly.

Tom Tyson
Oreland, Pa.

"Loused Up In Space" really loused up your magazine! It was the worst!

M.C.
Toronto, Ontario, Can.

Your whole premise was wrong! "Loused Up In Space" is not a juvenile counterpart of "Peyton Place"! Take another look: seven castaways—four male and three female! It's obviously a science-fiction version of another idiotic show—"Gilligan's Island"!

B. V. Davenport
Toledo, Ohio

I've always thought that your Television Satires were the funniest part of your magazine, but "Loused Up In Space" really took the cake. Congrats on showing up a perfectly ridiculous program.

Kathy Jones
Winston-Salem, N.C.

I regret to say that "Loused Up In Space" was the worst MAD satire I have ever read.

Richard Scollon
Dansville, New York

"Loused Up In Space" was fatal! Mainly, I died laughing! Congratulations on another witty success!

Fred Heintz
Cleveland, Ohio

Dick De Bartolo and Mort Drucker make a great team! Let's see more of them!

Lisa Myers
Janesville, Wisc.

Try "12 O'Crocked High" in this issue!—Ed.

THE FUNNY PARTS

Your TV satires, and Berg's-Eye Views of "The Lighter Side . . ." are by far the funniest parts of your magazine.

Elizabeth Wilson
Sunset, Utah

AMERICAN MEDIOCRITY

"The American Mediocrity Academy" article was long overdue. The only thing wrong with it was that you did not tell enough. Look at the American Theater! In 1963 and 1964, no play produced was worthy of a Pulitzer Prize. There does not seem to be any place on Broadway for original, serious drama these days. Look at the field of Journalism! Most of our newspapers are a myriad of crime, sex, divorce, violence, comics, horoscopes, gossip columns, etc., where coverage of international and domestic events is negligible. What about the Movies? We could certainly do without Beach Movies, Gidgets, Tammys, and those tasteless Ross Hunter sex comedies. The real tragedy is not in them, but in us. The reason mediocrity is produced is because we tolerate it. Mediocrities exist because we let them.

Joan O'Connor
New York City, N.Y.

MIXING POLITICS WITH CAREERS

After reading "Mixing Personal Politics With Careers," I believe George Woodbridge and Frank Jacobs should be commended. The article was one of your greatest accomplishments in presenting a true picture of different political points of view. The "Careers" were chosen with insight, and the writing and drawing were done with inspiration.

Geoffrey Blood
Ridgewood, New Jersey

FUTURE WIT AND WISDOM BOOKS

Your "Future Wit and Wisdom Books" was one of the greatest articles ever published in your magazine . . . the best ever!

Spencer Cherashore
Wynnewood, Pa.

Most of the time, I enjoy reading MAD —but your "Future Wit And Wisdom Books" was absolutely nauseating. In my opinion, there is no humor in mass murder (The Incomparable Wit Of Adolph Hitler) or in persecution (The Discriminating Humor Of Robert Shelton)! This article was in extremely bad taste.

Sandra J. DuPont
Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Future Wit And Wisdom Books" was one of the funniest articles in a long time. Writers Phil Hahn and Jack Hanrahan did a great job in showing to what extent money-grubbing book publishers might go with this new gimmick.

Eric Bauman
Saginaw, Michigan

RESEARCH GRANT

It has occurred to me that in order for you to do your excellent satires on Movie and Television Dreadfuls, someone actually has to see the originals. May I express my deepest sympathy.

Mary Fox
Denver, Colorado

STUDENT PROTEST

Usually, Dave Berg's aim is Dead-Center in his sagacious "The Lighter Side Of . . ." pieces. However, in his article in your July issue, "The Lighter Side Of High School," he was uproariously funny and *wrong* at the same time: There just *isn't* any "lighter side" of High School!

Kay Killmer
Long Beach, California

SUCKER PLAY

I certainly agree completely with your article, "Advertising Campaigns With Ulterior Motives," wherein you state that the American Public can be sold almost anything. Just look at how many gullible people buy "MAD"!

Gary Croner
Jamaica, New York

STEREOTYPE-CASTING

"Stereotype-Casting" managed to walk the fine line between humor and bad taste in the dialect-joke field. Congratulations on a brilliant piece!

Charles J. Feltman
New York City, N.Y.

I would like to compliment you on your tremendous magazine. It has become a truly authentic picture of today's society. The article, "Stereotype-Casting" was one of the best I've ever read.

George Robbin
Yellowknife, Canada

ANOTHER FAILURE—FOR MAD

I began reading MAD when I was a Freshman in High School. Since then, I have not missed a single issue. In a few weeks, I will graduate—3rd highest in my class of 317. My humble thanks for your continuing inspiration.

Linda Tretheway
Muskegon, Michigan

TEACHERS' PET

I use MAD in a course in "Magazine Editing" as an example of a successful publication based on fresh ideas. No other course on this campus uses MAD as instructional material. My students have the idea that Miss Johnson is an eccentric. They may be right!

Miss Dorothy M. Johnson
Assistant Professor
University of Montana
Missoula, Montana

I started reading MAD when I was in High School. Now, I am a teacher . . . and I still read MAD! Could this mean anything?

Keith Lindstrom
Sacramento, California

It could mean—when this is published—you're fired!—Ed.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEONARD SCHECHTER—IRVING SCHILD STUDIO

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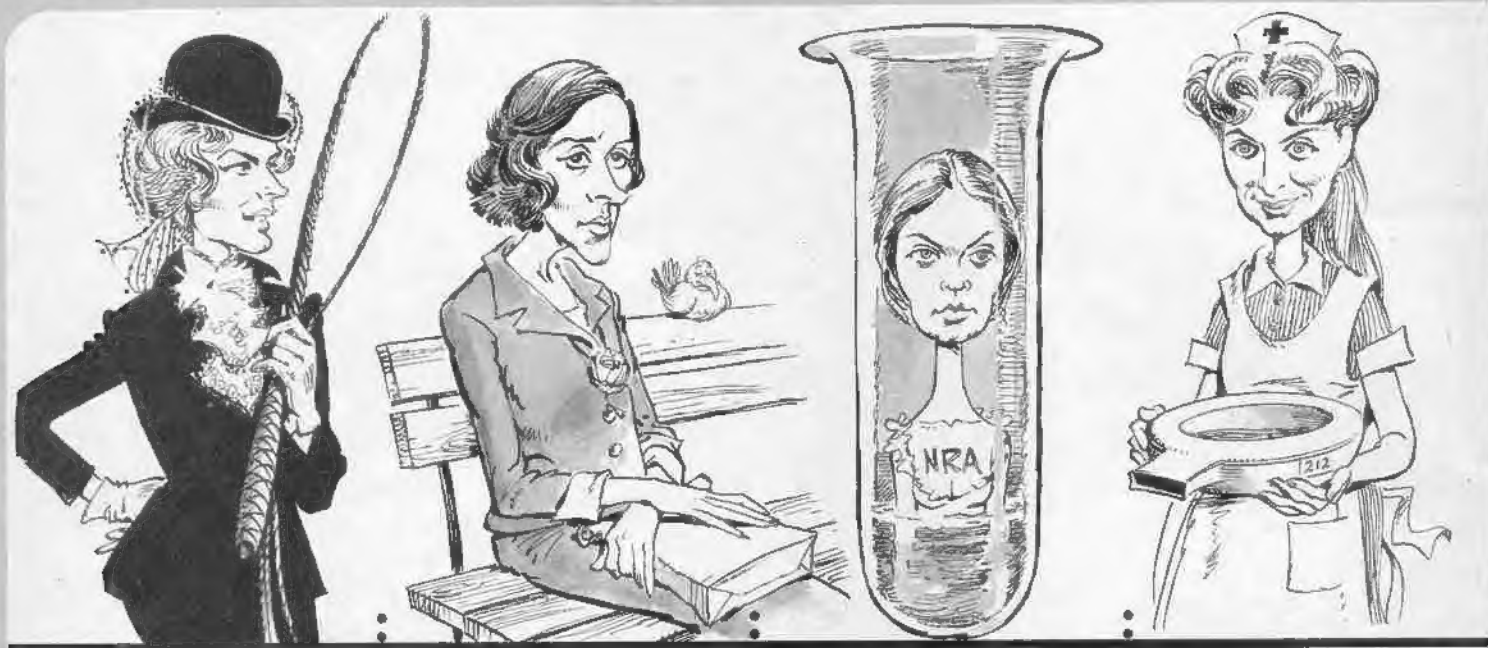
Franny and Zooey

Yep, Franny Furd, and Zooey Greebish, and some Catcher in Rye, N.Y., were the only three people to order these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid last month. So if you'd like to keep us from becoming "J.D.'s"—send 25c for one (or 50c for 3) to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10022

GROUP THERAPY DEPT.

Hey, Gang! Here we go with this "MAD Newsletter" treatment of one of the most ridiculous college farces in recent years. And we don't mean "Phone-Booth-Stuffing" or "Goldfish-Swallowing"! We mean "Movie-Making"...mainly the one they made about a group of graduates from a posh all-girl's school. First--so you can follow who's who--which is more than most people could do for the first half hour of the picture--we'd like to present the elite members of

"TH



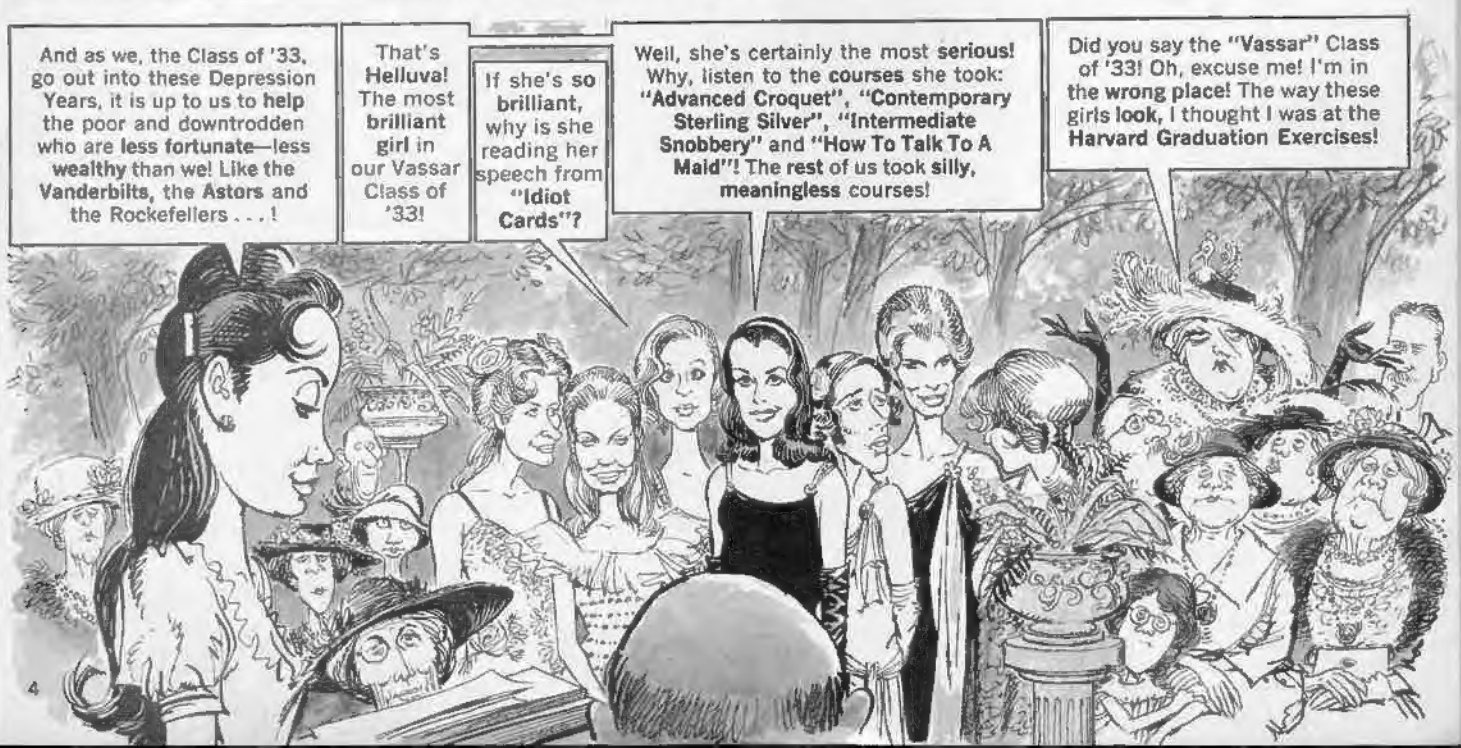
FLAKEY... Mona Lisa of the smoking room! She was expelled from school for kissing on her first date ...mainly for kissing Miss Tittle, the Dean of Girls!

DUDDY... They told her thin girls are more sensual, and she believed them—until she saw her first stag movie in the dorm, starring Phyllis Diller doing a strip tease!

PRISSY... She was a frail flower among the weeds... a tender and sensitive child! Her face would break out in a terrible blotchy red rash during Final Exam week.

PILLY... She caused quite a commotion at Vassar when she kept snapping wet towels at everyone in the shower room—mainly because it was the Princeton shower room!

BIG OPENING SCENE! The girls of "The Bunch" were graduating!



E BUNCH"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

KAYO . . . Her marriage was quickly destroyed by temper tantrums and infidelity . . . and her career was quickly destroyed by sloppy direction and a terrible script.

PUKEY . . . Money, money, money! She was wealthy and eccentric! For example, she actually hired a tutor to help her cram . . . for the "TV National Health Test"!

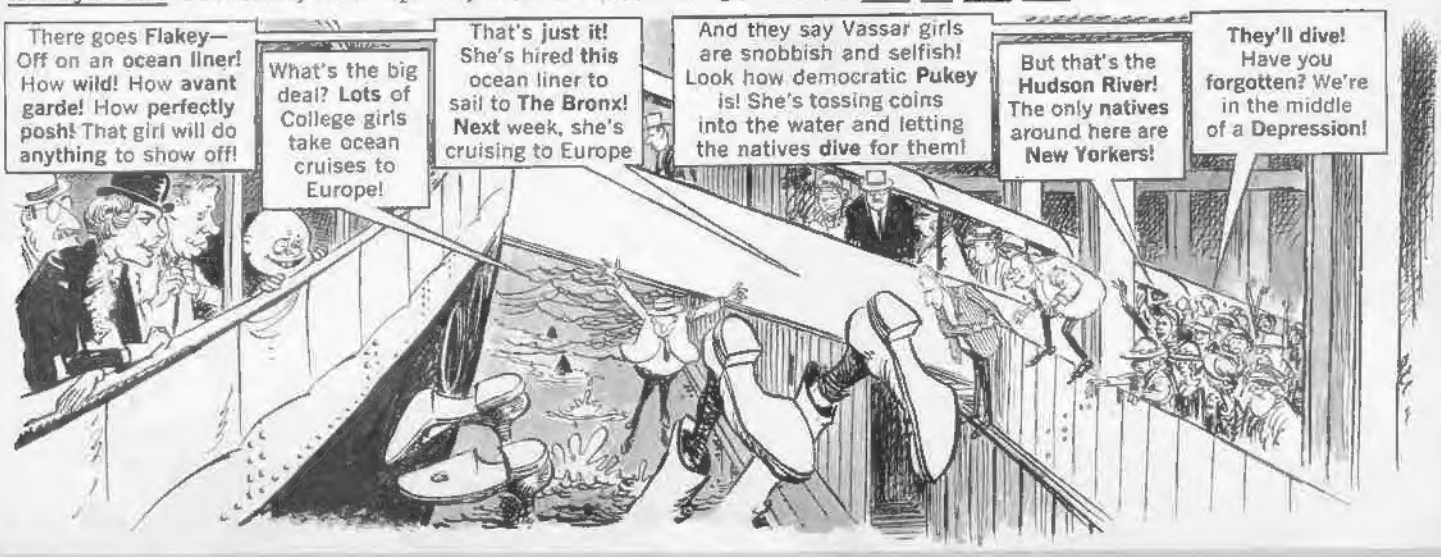
LIPPY . . . She lied, cheated, screamed—even opened a mouth and yelled a lot—anything to get what she wanted! But she still couldn't get out of her contract to play this role!

HELLUVA . . . She completely destroyed her face . . . which wasn't very beautiful to begin with . . . when she used it to block a punt during a Smith-Vassar Football game!

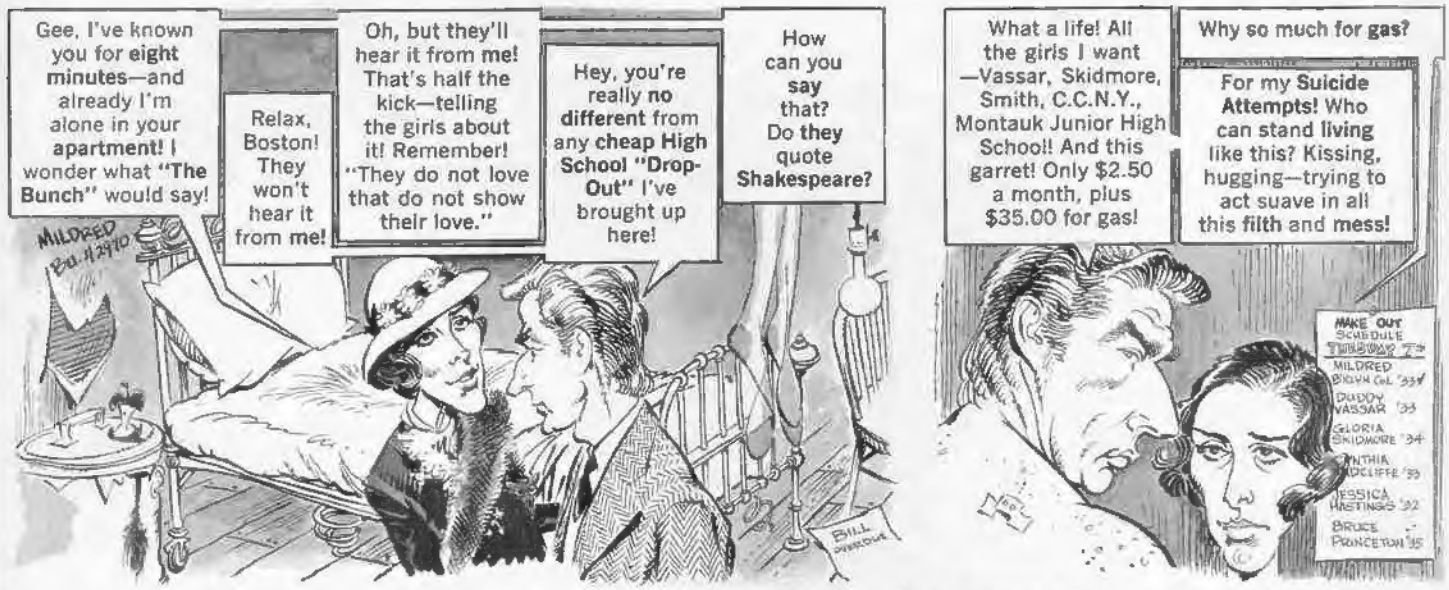
After Graduation, everybody attended THE CLASS DAY DINNER, where each of the members of "The Bunch" announced their plans for the future...

KAYO'S WEDDING! It was such a nostalgic affair! She said, "I do!" and he said "I do!" It was nostalgic because that was the last time the two of them ever agreed on anything!

Yep, it looked like Flakey was pretty upset at not being invited on Kayo's honeymoon! Because, for spite, she decided to go off on one of her own...

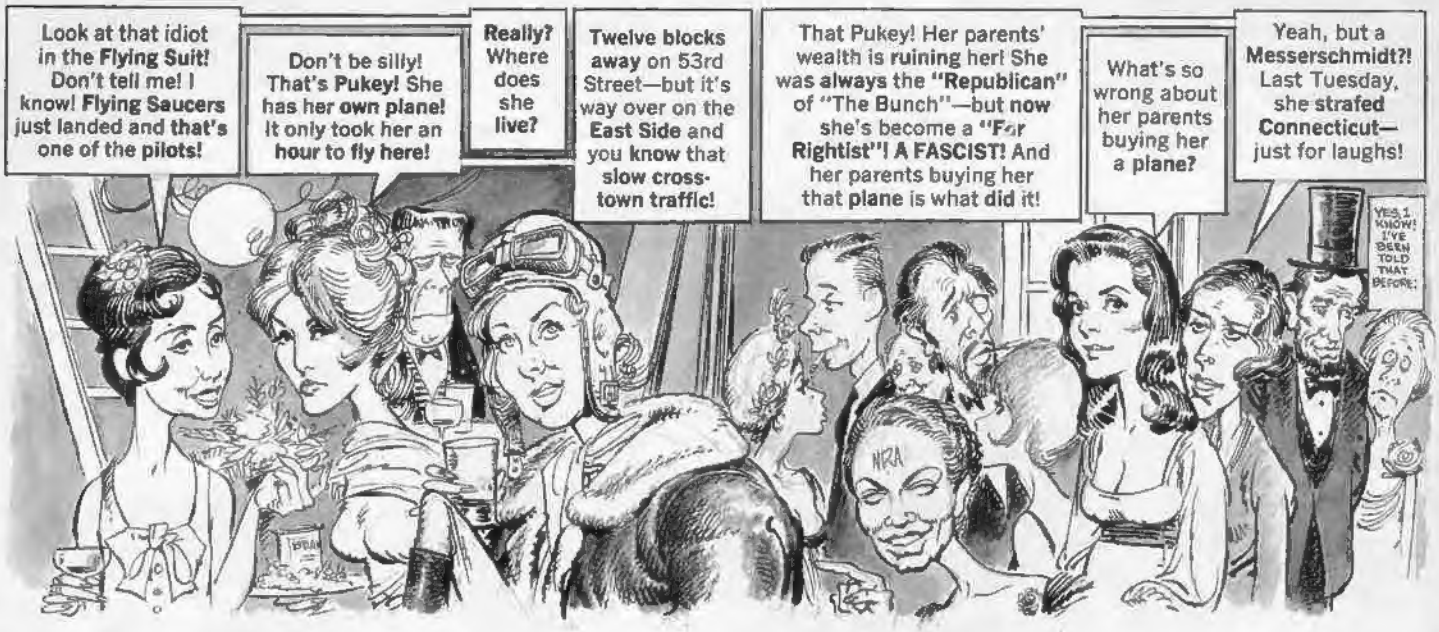


Next comes the big SEDUCTION SCENE, in which we see the behavior of the kind of girl that comes out of an exclusive Finishing School as compared to, say, a cheap little High School "Drop-Out".

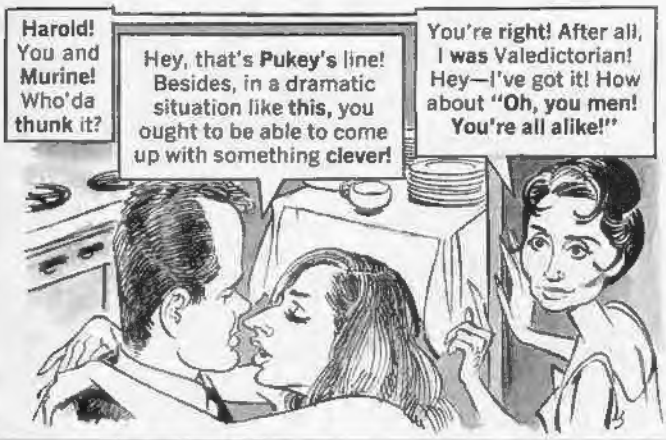


Lippy, the "Gossip" of "The Bunch", had nice things to say about everybody! To play her part, the Producers looked for someone with the biggest mouth around. But Cassius Clay and David Susskind both refused to act in drag...so...

Next, Kayo and Harold threw a BIG PARTY! It was a typical Vassar soiree. The discussions involved Roosevelt, Abstract Art, Machiavelli, Fallopian Tubes and George Bernard Shaw. These were discussed by the servants! The Vassar graduates were too busy gossiping!



HAROLD, dissatisfied with KAYO'S $9 a week job at Macy's, decided to have an affair with MURINE, who made $11 a week at Gimbels!

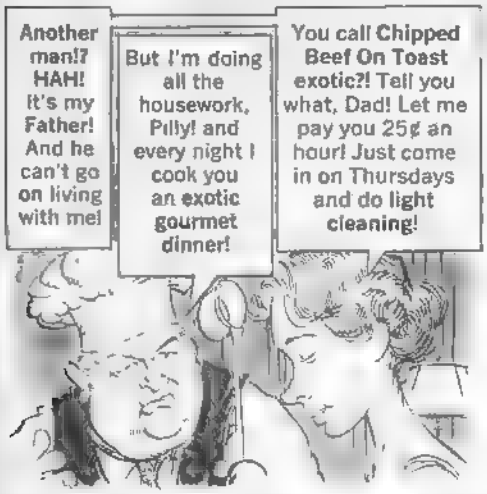


Suddenly, everyone started to leave! And with dialogue like that, who can blame them!?!

Next, LIPPY dropped her Editor and took up with a Norwegian Ski Instructor!

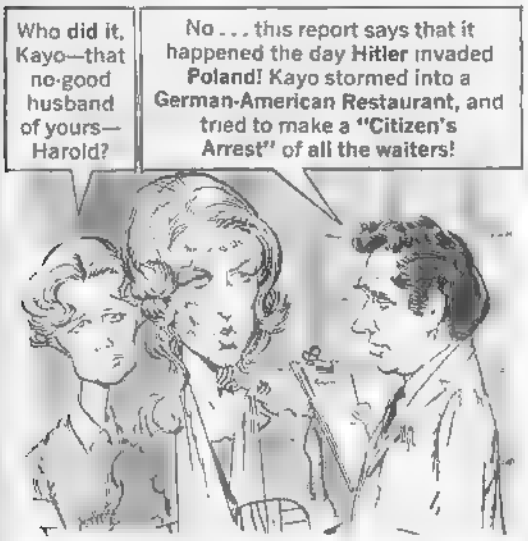
And, we found that PILLY had taken up with the Editor that LIPPY dropped for the Ski Instructor!

Then, it was rumored that Pilly had dropped the Editor, and was living with another man!



CONGRATULATIONS! After two miscarriages, PRISSY gave birth to a boy! Her husband, a modern Pediatrician, supervised!

POOR KAYO! Her life was filled with danger! Mainly, she got hit on the head a lot...



Next, FLAKEY returned from Europe with a big surprise!

An untimely event now saddened "The Bunch"! They got to see the rushes of the first month's shooting! But still they went on--with the big "Funeral Preparation" scene:

BRANDING IRONY DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT

CONTAC

against sniffles, sneezes, and stuffy nose.

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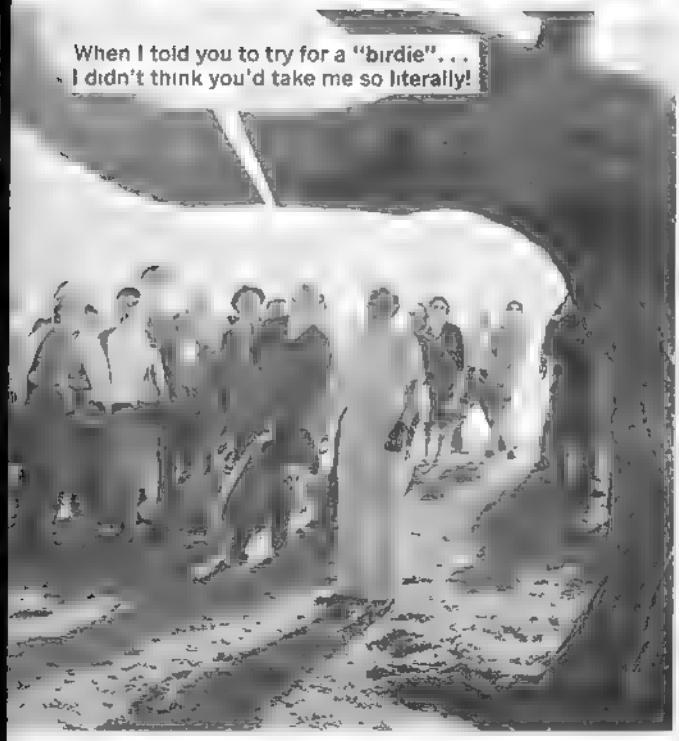
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

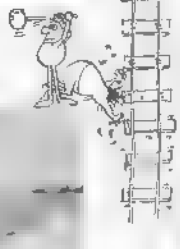
LATE ONE NIGHT...

COURSE HUMOR DEPT.

GOLF FOTO-

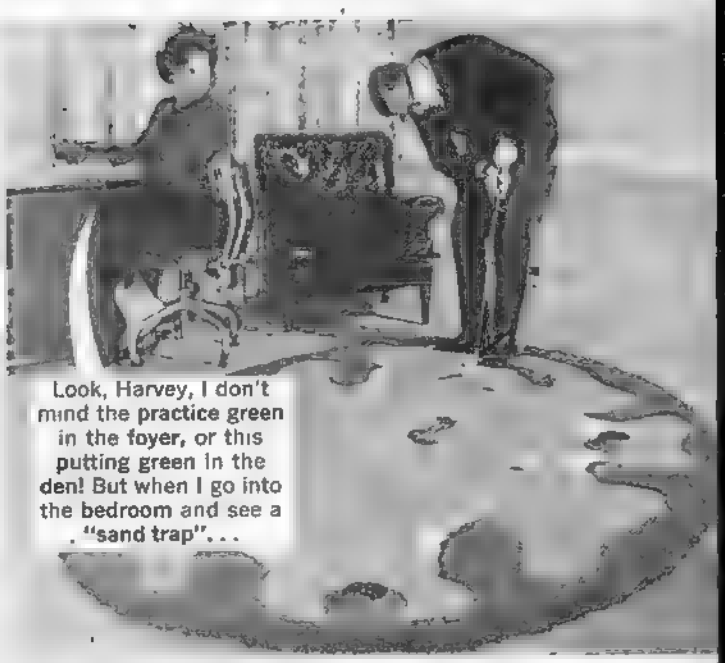


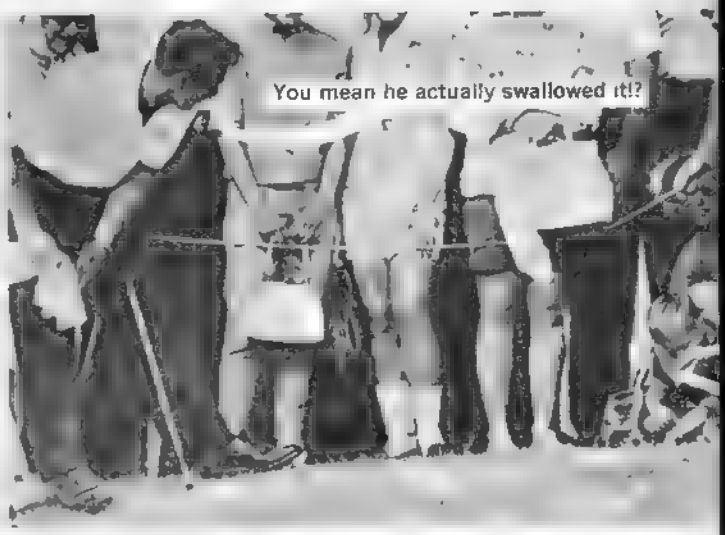
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN PHOTOS BY U P A WORLD W DE



-PLAYS

Gee, I knew when we signed up that Saturday morning back in August that there'd be a long wait to tee off, but this is ridiculous!


Look, Harvey, I don't mind the practice green in the foyer, or this putting green in the den! But when I go into the bedroom and see a "sand trap"...

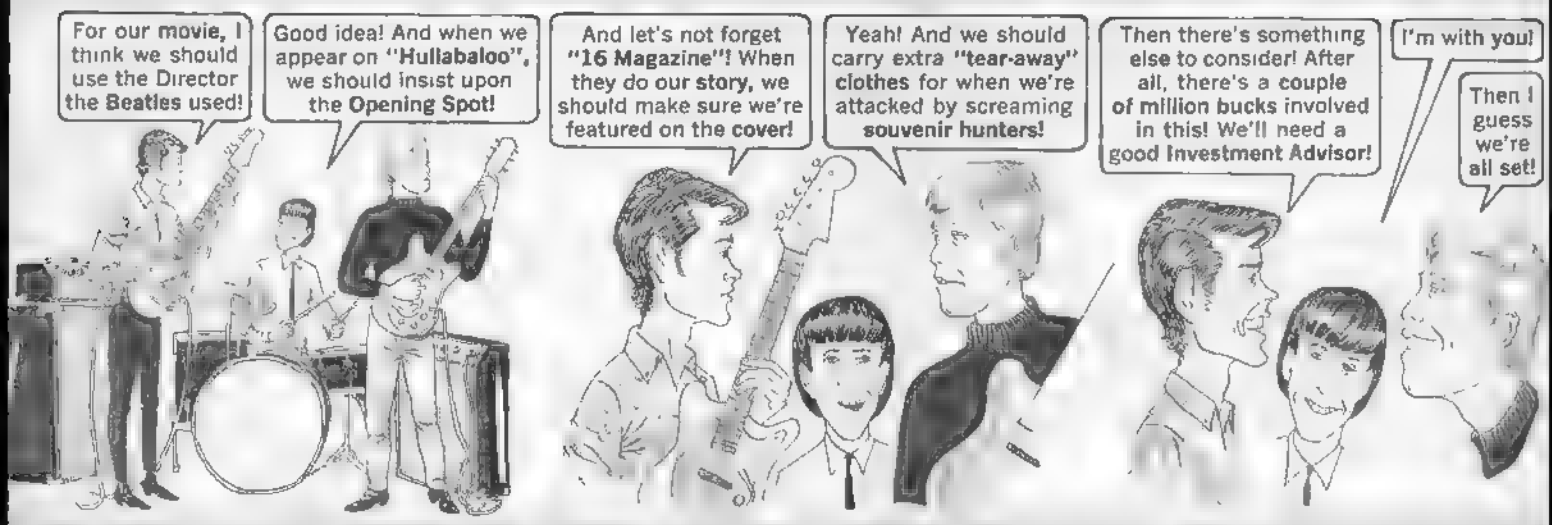

You mean he actually swallowed it!?

...and if you let me make this putt, Lord, I promise I'll start going to Church again on Sunday Mornings!

Hoo-boy ... the initiation you gotta go through to get into this Country Club if you're a "non-W.A.S.P."!

BERG'S EYE-VIEW DEPT.

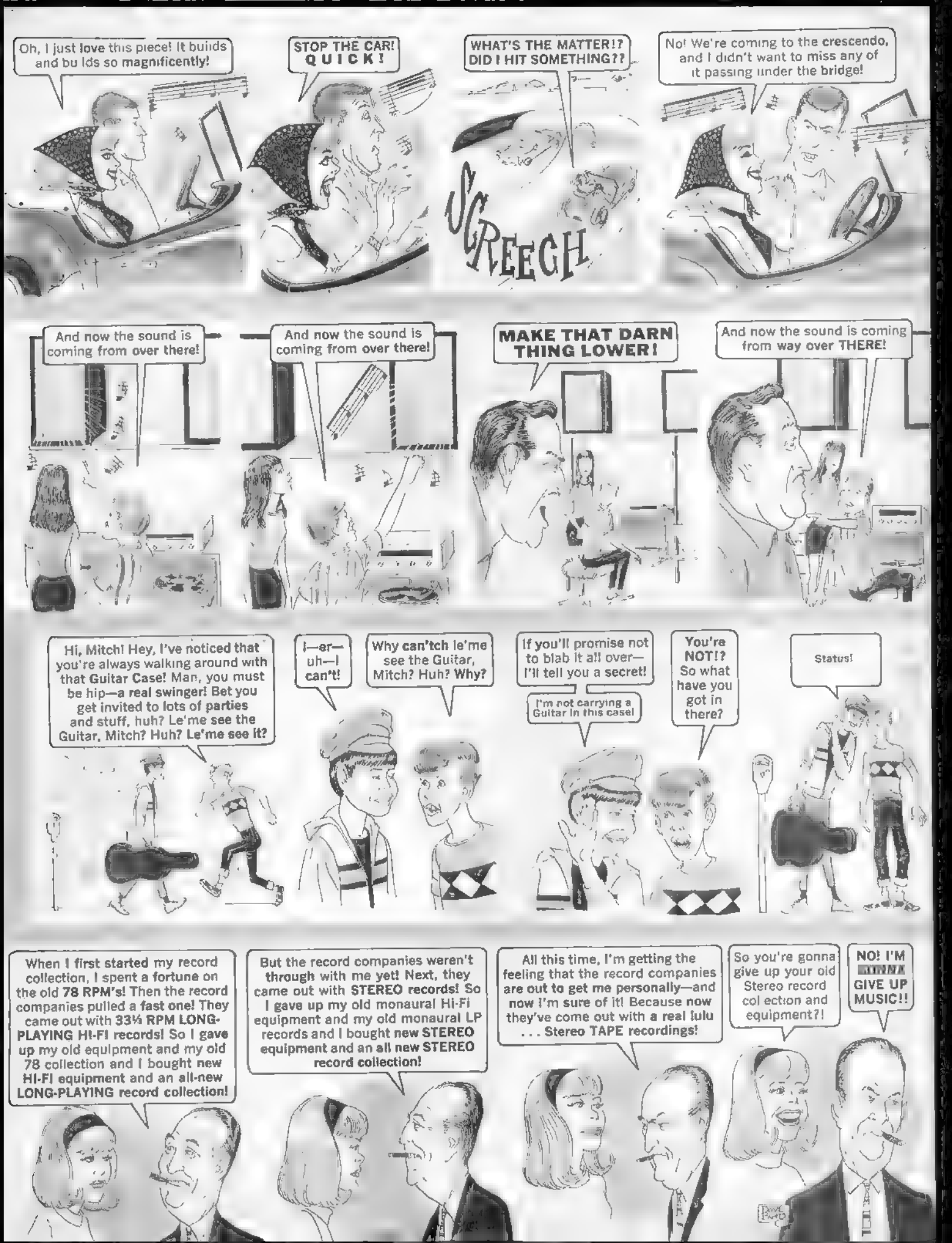
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MUSIC



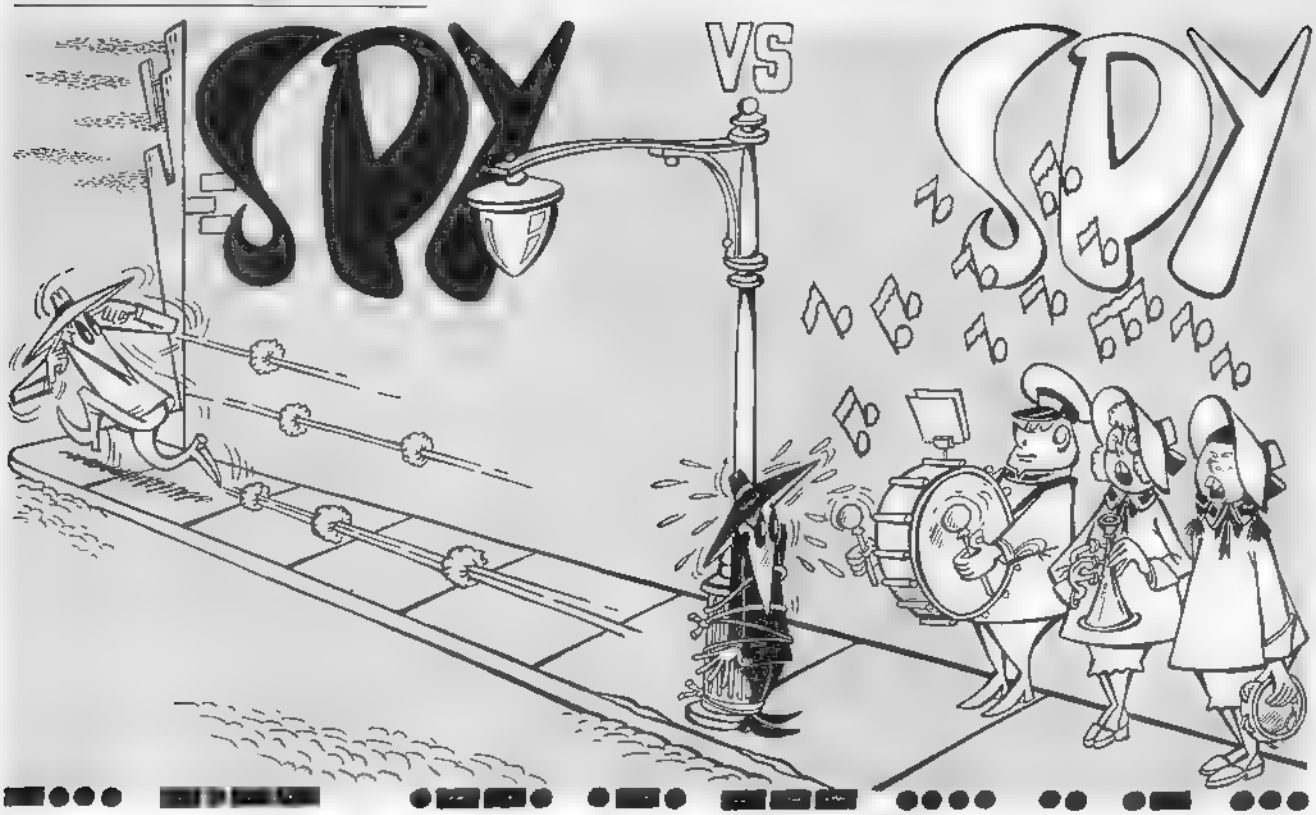
LOVERS

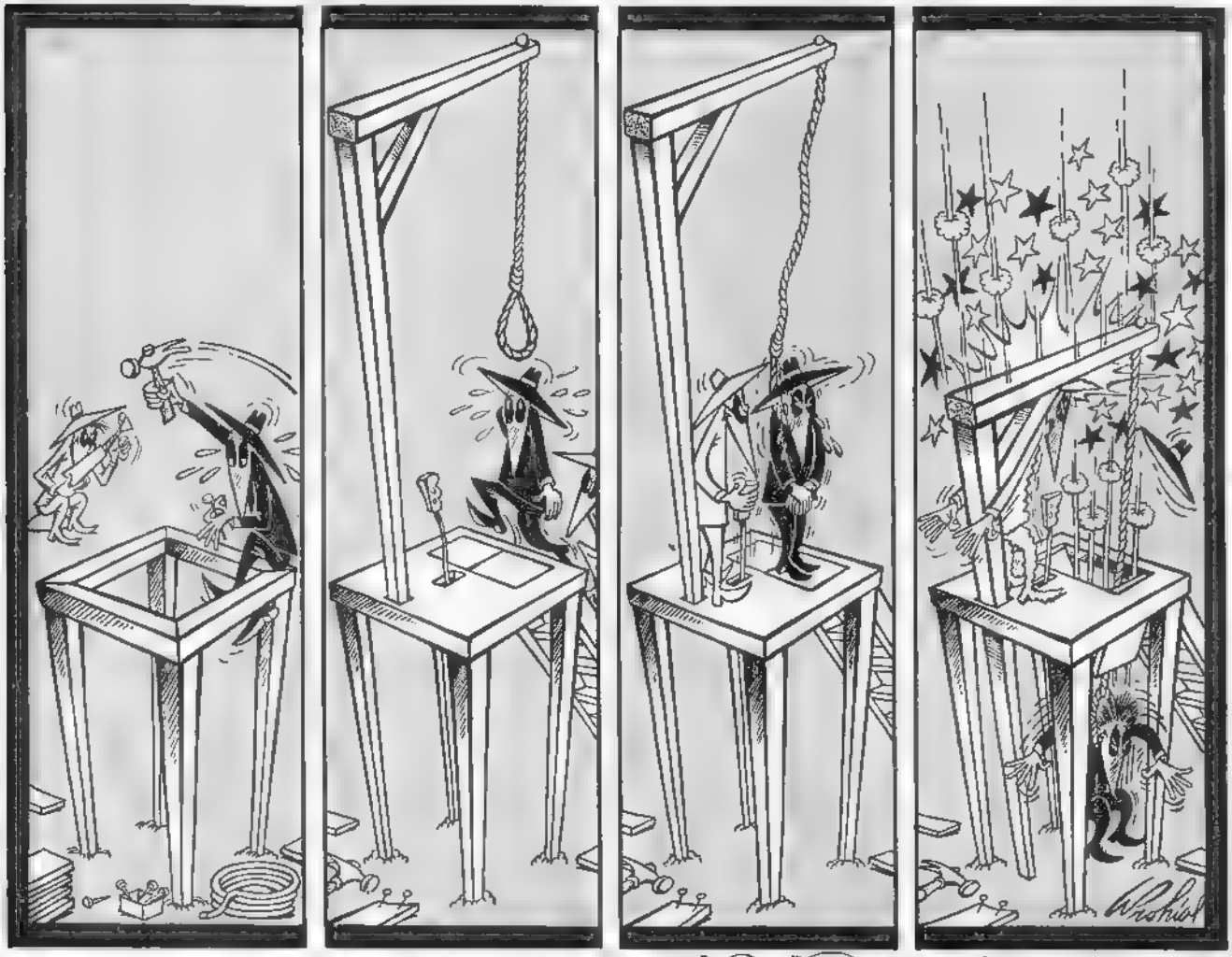
WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

Hi, Dad! I'm rehearsing for a concert our school orchestra is giving!
So I hear!
It's this Friday night! We're playing The William Tell Overture by Rossini, Highlights from Carmen by Bizet, and The Peer Gynt Suite by Grieg You'll come to hear us, won't you?
May I beg off this time?
But why, Dad? we're playing all the music you love!
I know! That's why I'd rather not go!
Will wonders never cease!? Take a look at that pair of Beatnik Teenagers! They're actually listening to . . . and seem to be completely absorbed in . . . a Beethoven Symphony!!
YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH
You gotta listen to this wild Stereo "Gimmick" record! Hear that? The sound is coming from over there!
Mmmph! I finally found a record on this Juke Box that I know . . . Barbra Streisand singing "People"! Let's see . . . that's 3-C . . .
There goes Pop . . . with his cornball music again!
Hey, that's not Barbra Streisand!!
Hah! Pop pushed the wrong button and got Rock 'n' Roll instead!
YEAH!
YEAH!
YEAH!
YEAH! YEAH!
Will everybody please shut up! I want to hear this!
What's with you? I thought you hated this kind of music!
I do! But that's my dime in there . . . and I'm gonna enjoy every rotten "Yeah, Yeah"—even if it kills me!
YEAH!
YEAH!
SCREECH! AAAAAA! EEEEEEE! YIIIII!
You made such a fuss about seeing that Rock 'n' Roll group perform in person! Tell me—now that you've seen them, do you really think they sing that well?
How should I know!? I couldn't hear them above my own screaming!


Oh, I just love this piece! It builds and bu lds so magnificently!
STOP THE CAR! QUICK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER!? DID I HIT SOMETHING??
SCREECH
No! We're coming to the crescendo, and I didn't want to miss any of it passing under the bridge!
And now the sound is coming from over there!
And now the sound is coming from over there!
MAKE THAT DARN THING LOWER!
And now the sound is coming from way over THERE!
Hi, Mitch! Hey, I've noticed that you're always walking around with that Guitar Case! Man, you must be hip—a real swinger! Bet you get invited to lots of parties and stuff, huh? Le'me see the Guitar, Mitch? Huh? Le'me see it?
I—er—uh—I can't!
Why can'tch le'me see the Guitar, Mitch? Huh? Why?
If you'll promise not to blab it all over—I'll tell you a secret!
I'm not carrying a Guitar in this case!
You're NOT!? So what have you got in there?
Status!
When I first started my record collection, I spent a fortune on the old 78 RPM's! Then the record companies pulled a fast one! They came out with 33⅓ RPM LONG-PLAYING HI-FI records! So I gave up my old equipment and my old 78 collection and I bought new HI-FI equipment and an all-new LONG-PLAYING record collection!
But the record companies weren't through with me yet! Next, they came out with STEREO records! So I gave up my old monaural Hi-Fi equipment and my old monaural LP records and I bought new STEREO equipment and an all new STEREO record collection!
All this time, I'm getting the feeling that the record companies are out to get me personally—and now I'm sure of it! Because now they've come out with a real lulu . . . Stereo TAPE recordings!
So you're gonna give up your old Stereo record collection and equipment?!
NO! I'M GONNA GIVE UP MUSIC!!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I





TWO WRIGHTS MADE A WRONG DEPT.

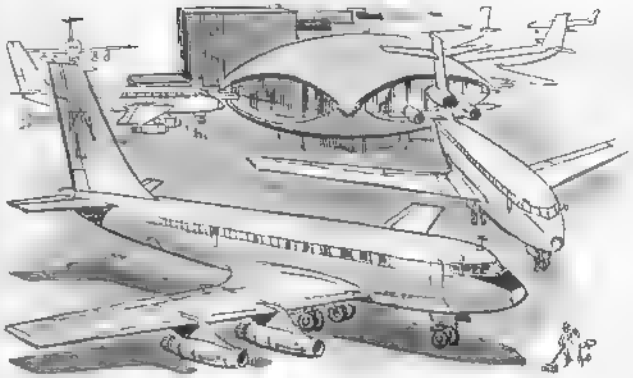
Contrary to popular belief, the writers at MAD are not always well-versed in the subjects they write about. Take this article, f'rinstance. The writer frankly admits that he has absolutely no faith in Air Travel. Not only has he never been in a plane in his life, but he even refuses to send out letters via Air Mail. He is very nervous about this Air Age we live in. In fact, the only way he relaxes is through his hobby: raising Homing Pigeons. And that hasn't worked out too well for him. Maybe it's because he makes the Pigeons travel by train! Oh—by the way, if this introduction seems ridiculous to you, forgive us. The idea of running another Primer is even more ridiculous!

THE MAD AIR TRAVEL PRIMER

Illustrated by George Woodbridge
Written by Larry Siegel

Chapter 1.

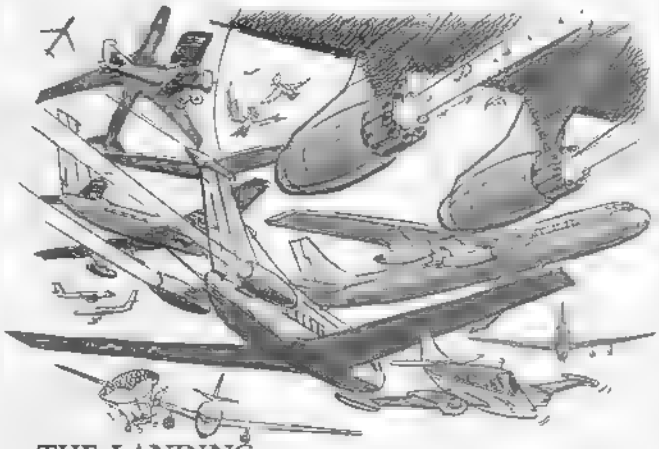
THE TAKE-OFF



THE TAKE-OFF
See the busy airport.
See the busy terminal building in the busy airport.
See the nice airplane leaving the busy terminal building.
This is a 9.00 A.M. flight.
The airplane is leaving exactly on time.
Along the ground.
For another spot on the busy airport.
Where it will wait in line to take off.
Wait, wait, wait.
You won't be in the air for an hour yet.
Aren't long, delayed take-offs fun?
They give you more time to get settled in your seat.
They give you more time to admire the airport scenery.
They give you more time to pray!

Chapter 2.

THE LANDING



THE LANDING
See the other nice airplane.
See it coming into the busy airport.
It is arriving in New York from Washington, D.C.
The whole trip took less than an hour.
See the nice airplane circling the busy New York Airport.
It will circle and circle.
For four hours
Waiting for the plane circling underneath it to land.
Which is waiting for the plane circling underneath it to land.
Which is waiting for the plane circling underneath it to etc.
Etc., etc., etc.
Isn't air travel from Washington, D.C. to New York wonderful?
Sometimes, it's almost as quick as going by car!

Chapter 3.

THE HALF-FARE TEENAGERS

See the happy teenagers.
They are waiting to take advantage of an exciting offer.
The airline has promised them half-fare tickets.
If they are under 21 years of age.
There is just one catch to this offer.
They are on a "Stand-by" basis.
That means they must wait for cancellations.
That means they must wait until military people are taken care of.
That means they may have to wait quite a while.
By the time some of these teenagers finally get on a plane.
They will have to pay full-fare anyway.
Because they will be 22 years of age!

Chapter 4.

THE TYPICAL PASSENGER

See the typical airliner passenger.
See him squeeze into a typical airliner seat.
He cannot put his feet on the floor,
Because his hand luggage is down there.
He cannot put his hand luggage on the rack,
Because the pillows are up there.
He cannot put a pillow under his head,
Because he cannot raise his head.
He cannot push his seat back,
Because it crushes the knees of the passenger behind him.
Look at the funny, cramped position he is in.
Funny, funny, funny.
Why is the Stewardess hovering over him?
She is waiting until he falls asleep.
Why is she waiting until he falls asleep?
Because there is no fun in tapping him on the shoulder
And telling him to fasten his seat belt
When he is awake!

Chapter 5.

THE STEWARDESS

See the nice Stewardess.
She is explaining how to use the life preservers.
She tells you where to find them
She tells you how to put them on.
She tells you how to inflate them.
She tells you that they may save your life
She asks if there are any questions
Here is something to think about:
When was the last time you read of an airliner
Crash-landing in the sea and staying afloat
Long enough for passengers to get out
And use those life preservers?
Don't ask her that question!

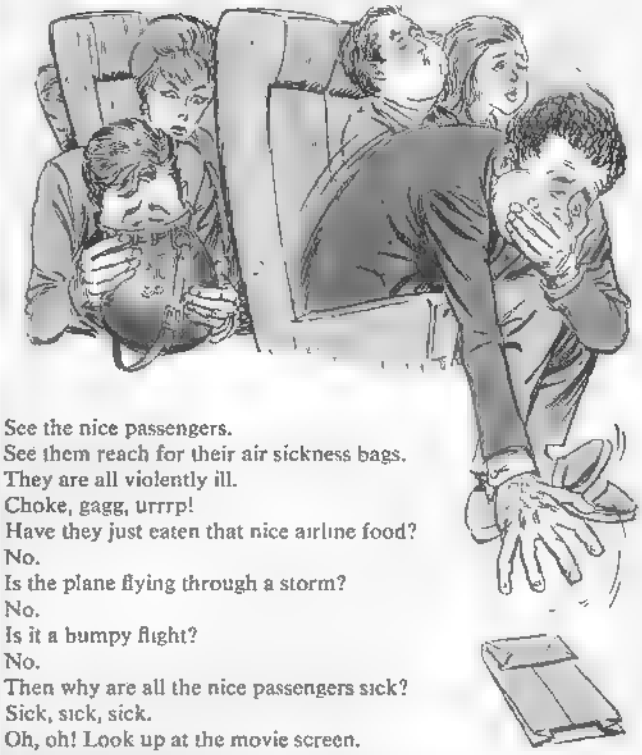
Chapter 6.

THE FOOD

See the nice Stewardesses preparing the food.
Why do they dawdle so?
Because it is not yet time to serve the food.
Now they are putting the food on trays.
Why are they continuing to dawdle?
Because it is still not yet time to serve it.
Oh-oh! The plane is flying into a storm.
It is bouncing up and down.
Up and down.
Up (ugh!) and down (ugh!).
Now it is time to serve.
The Stewardesses always make sure
That the food is quickly distributed throughout the plane.
After it is served!

Chapter 7.

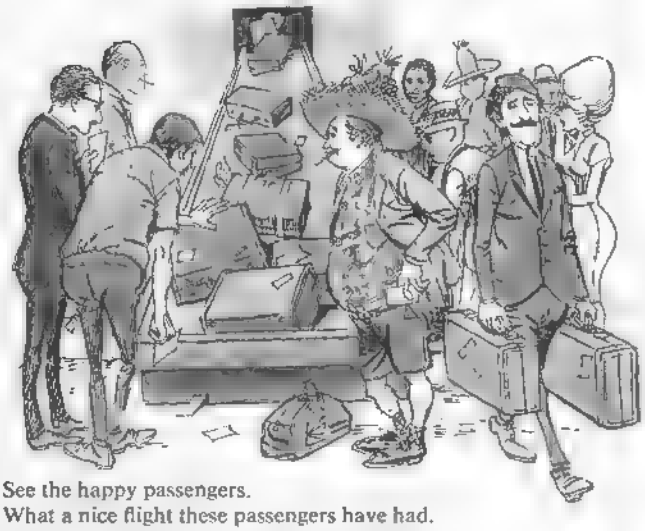
THE AIR SICKNESS BAG



See the nice passengers.
See them reach for their air sickness bags.
They are all violently ill.
Choke, gagg, urrrp!
Have they just eaten that nice airline food?
No.
Is the plane flying through a storm?
No.
Is it a bumpy flight?
No.
Then why are all the nice passengers sick?
Sick, sick, sick.
Oh, oh! Look up at the movie screen.
Now we know.
The airline is showing another Doris Day movie!

Chapter 8.

THE BAGGAGE CLAIM CHECK



See the happy passengers.
What a nice flight these passengers have had.
Now they are ready to claim their baggage.
Each passenger is holding his Baggage Claim Check.
But no one is looking at these Baggage Claim Checks.
They never do, at Baggage Return Sections.
See the happy man.
He is walking off with two nice leather suitcases
Isn't that funny?
Before boarding the plane, that very same man
Checked in with only one piece of baggage:
A brown paper carton.
Isn't the Baggage Claim "Honor System" marvelous at airports?

Chapter 9.

THE DISTRAUGHT RELATIVE

See the anxious lady.
See how worried she is.
See how she paces up and down.
See how she wrings her hands.
Why is the lady so upset?
Her husband is on an airline flight.
And there is no telling what can happen.
Oh, oh! The telephone is ringing.
Ring, ring, ring.
The lady has just received the news that she has been dreading.
Her husband's plane has landed safely.
Another $200,000 Air Travel Insurance Policy shot to hell!

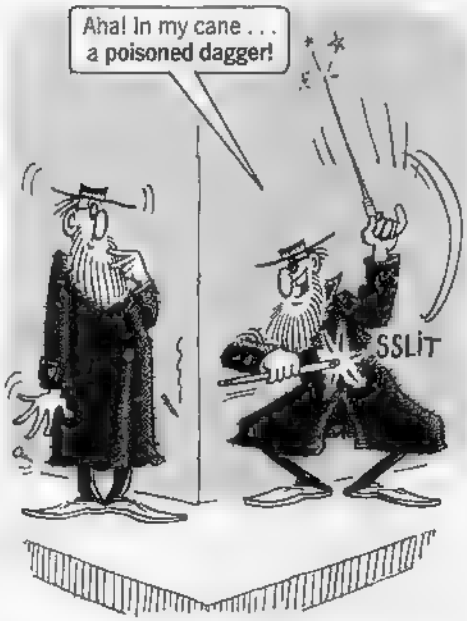
Chapter 10.

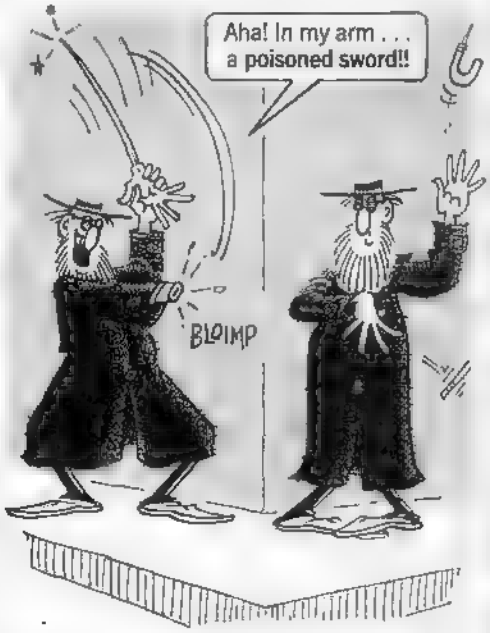
THE DISTRAUGHT NEIGHBORS

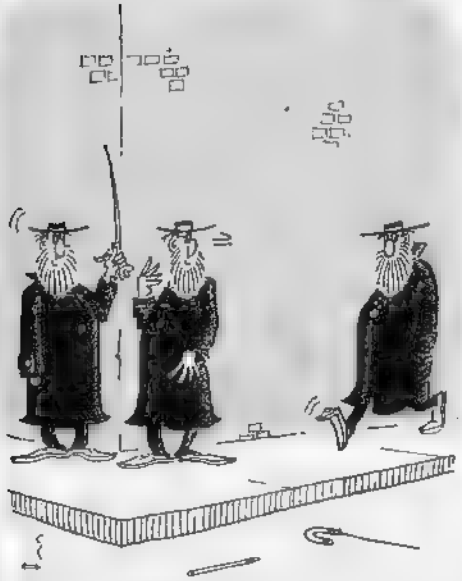
See the lovely house.
See the people who live in the lovely house.
See them cringe in fear and cover their heads.
See the windows shatter.
See the doors rattle.
See the dishes crash.
See the furniture splinter.
See the floor-boards quiver.
See the goldfish having heart attacks.
See the house leave its foundation.
Is the lovely house under an atomic attack?
No, the lovely house is under a Jet airliner
Taking off from the airport next door.
Isn't it fun living near an airport!

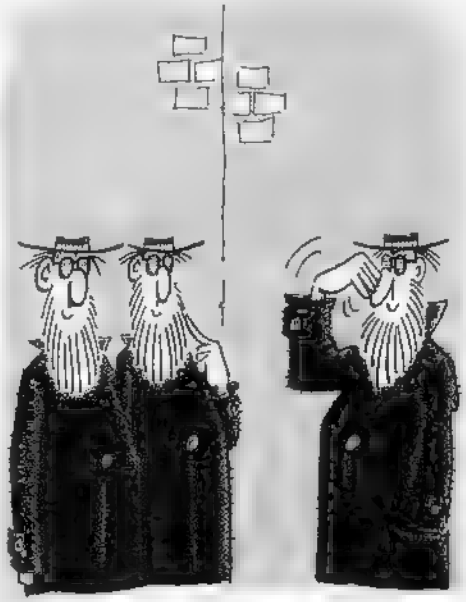
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

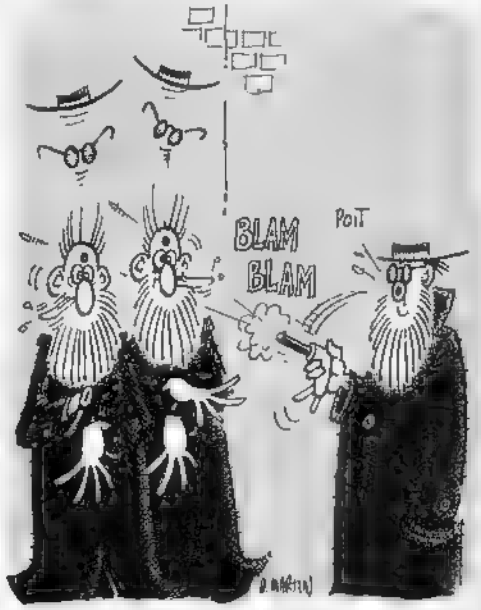
SPY STUFF











GLUB-GLUB DEPT.

Movies and television have brought about a sharp increase in the public's interest in underwater exploration. People everywhere now want to be like Lloyd Bridges! (Which would seem to call for an article on "Plastic Surgery," not "SCUBA Diving"!) Last year, for example, 778,000 people took to the waters and spent countless hours exploring the deep. And many of these . . . especially the ones who took along SCUBA equipment . . . returned. Here then, gang, is . . .

A MAD LOOK AT THE JOYS OF SCUBA DIVING

(A STUDY IN DEPTH)

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITERS: AL JAFFEE & DICK DE BARTOLO

SCUBA Diving has become extremely popular in recent years...mainly among all the people who just can't stand the shoving and pushing and jostling and noise of our overcrowded daily lives.

SCUBA Divers are thrilled the minute they come to a stretch of quiet, peaceful, serene water.

Unfortunately, the thrill quickly vanishes. Because under that water, they meet all the people who can't stand the shoving and pushing and jostling and noise of our overcrowded daily lives.

SCUBA DIVIN

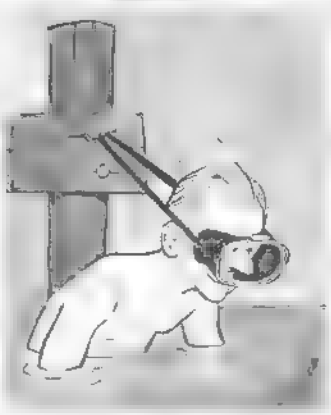
THE FIRST THING TO DO BEFORE DIVING: BECOME FAMILIAR WITH YOUR EQUIPMENT!

In the scene above, the prospective SCUBA diver is making a terrible blunder. He is not becoming familiar with his equipment. And we don't mean that pile of SCUBA junk on the left. We mean that Medical Equipment on the right . . . which he will desperately need because he unwisely became familiar with the *Lifeguard's* equipment—namely *his wife!*

The Mask

The mask keeps water out of diver's eyes and nose, permits him to see clearly underwater.

To put on mask, hold up to face, pull straps over head.

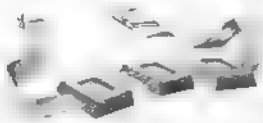


Next, test mask for "snug" fit — which is so essential.

If mask seems snug enough, test for "water tightness."

If mask is snug, but still leaks, you may need new one.

The Weight-Belt

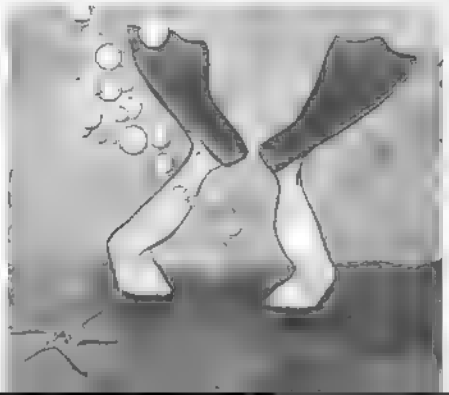


The SCUBA Diver wears a weight-belt and weights (depending on his buoyancy) to make his underwater descent easier.

Too Little Weight

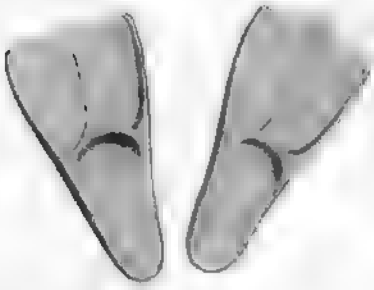
The Right Weight

Too Much Weight

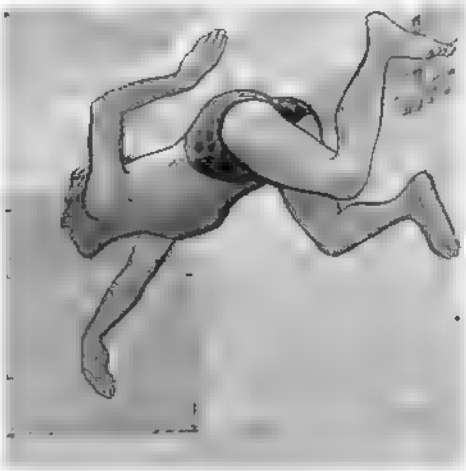


G EQUIPMENT

The Swim Fins



This is what a set of Fins looks like. It's also what Donald Duck looks like . . . buried upside-down in the sand!



Fins give you greater speed and swimming range. In this swimming pool demonstration, swimmer **A** traveled 60 feet in one minute . . . without fins!

While swimmer **B**, using fins, traveled 80 feet in the same amount of time. Unfortunately for Swimmer **B**, however . . . it was only a 70-foot pool!

The Air-Tank

Without an air tank, breathing underwater can be quite difficult for the SCUBA diver. Here are a few of the common air-tank arrangements:

SINGLE TANK

The single tank arrangement supplies air for short time.

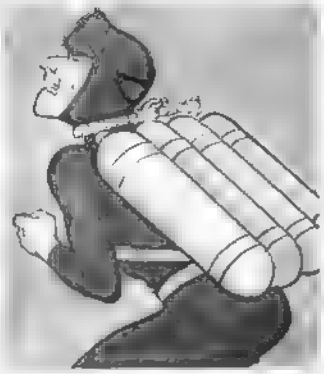
DOUBLE TANK

The double tank supplies air for a fair period of time.

TRIPLE TANK

A triple tank supplies air for a good period of time.

QUADRUPLE TANK



This supplies a hernia for a permanent period of time.

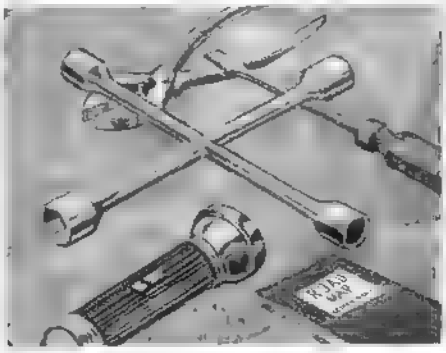
The Knife

You are 50 feet underwater. Suddenly, 20 sharks attack. This is the point where an experienced SCUBA Diver puts his knife into action. Mainly, he kills himself!

The Wet Suit

The temperature is 30° and you want to SCUBA Dive. If you own a wet suit, you can do this. You can even SCUBA Dive in zero degrees. But, Gad, you're going to freeze!

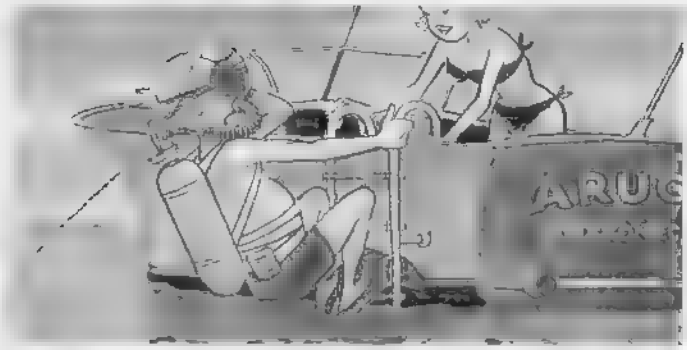
Other Diver Equipment



The above items are only a bit of the "must" equipment every diver should hav . . . **OOOPS!** We made a boo-boo! This is "must" equipment every **DRIVER** should have!

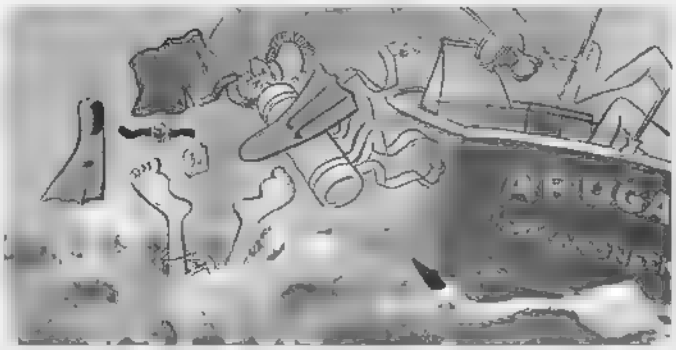
GETTING INTO THE WATER

The Right Way



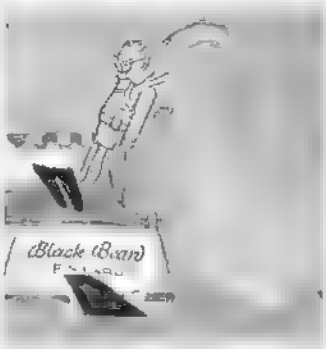
Face boat, press mask, and gently lower yourself into the water. This will insure that your gear remains in place.

The Wrong Way



This "show-off" dive will also leave your gear in place. Unfortunately, it won't be in the same place you are at!

GETTING INTO THE BOAT



ANOTHER WAY OF GETTING INTO THE BOAT IS BY FIRST REMOVING CUMBERSOME GEAR

First, put air tanks in . . .

Next, put snorkel in . . .

Then, put face mask in . . .

Then, put swim fins in . . .

Now see how easy it is to get in? Oh, by the way, we forgot to mention: Always put the air tanks in very carefully! Mainly, they're so heavy, they might go right through the bottom of the boat!

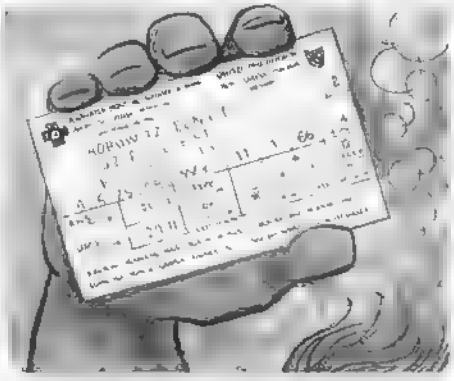
UNDERWATER SAFETY

THE SCUBA DIVER ALWAYS CARRIES A GREAT DEAL OF SAFETY EQUIPMENT

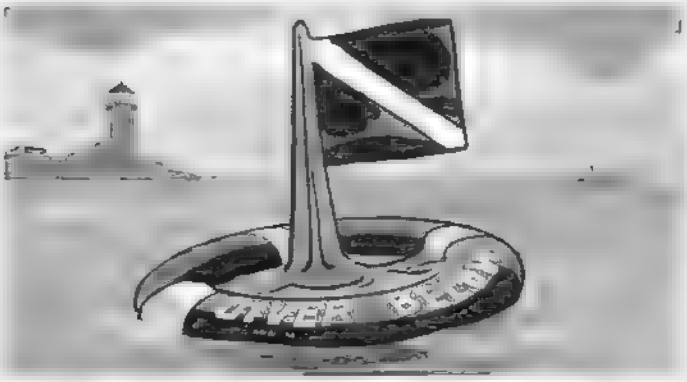
Should a SCUBA Diver's air supply fail, he always carries a "snorkel".

Should a SCUBA Divers snorkel fail, he always carries an inflatable life vest.

Should his inflatable life vest fail, a SCUBA Diver always carries Blue Cross.



THE SCUBA DIVER'S FLAG BUOY

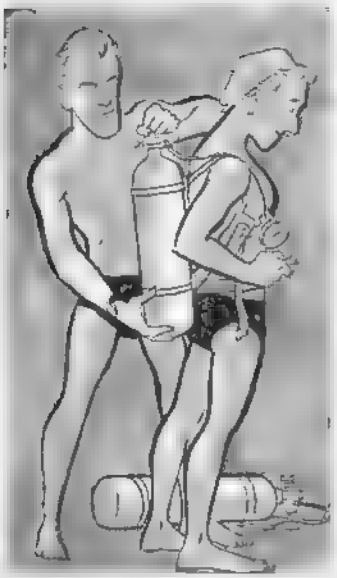


The SCUBA Diver's Flag Buoy is extremely important for his safety. It tells boats in the area that he is diving below.

This is important because it also tells the Diver where it is safe to come up, which is mainly anywhere the flag isn't!

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

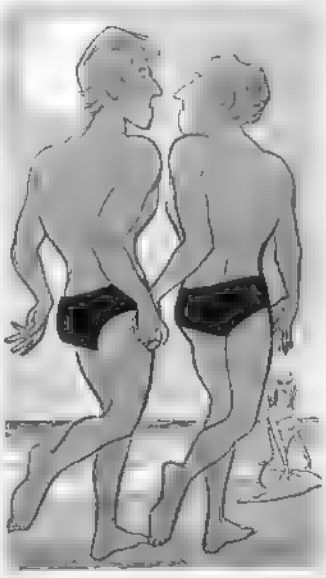
It is extremely dangerous to SCUBA Dive alone. For that reason, a Diver should always have a "Buddy" to depend on. Here are a few things "Buddies" should know:



Buddies should know how to help each other put on and take off complicated gear.

Buddies should know how to stay close together at all times while SCUBA diving.

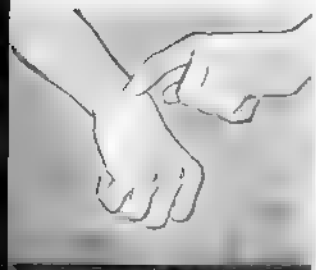
Buddies should know how to communicate underwater to share joys and discoveries.

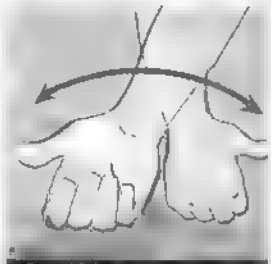


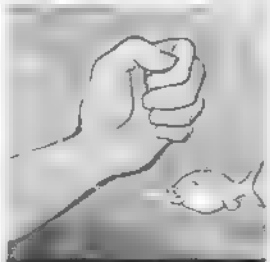
But most important of all, buddies should know when to stop being such good buddies.

COMMUNICATIONS UNDERWATER

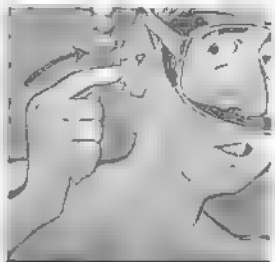
Unless a SCUBA Diver can afford expensive radio equipment and special masks, there is no other way to communicate underwater except by sign language. The novice Diver should memorize these hand signals—his life may depend on them:

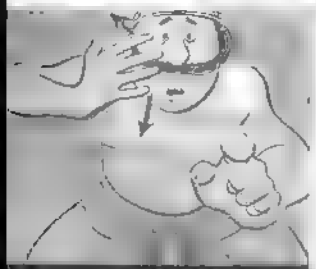

"WHAT TIME IS IT?"


"WHICH DIRECTION?"


"HOLD EVERYTHING!"

"ALL RIGHT!"

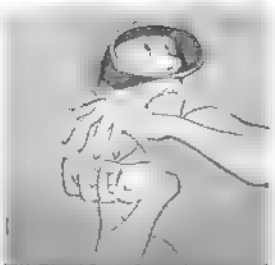

"I HAVE EAR TROUBLE!"


"WHY ARE YOU TURNING PURPLE?"

"I AM DROWNING!"

"I LOVE YOU!"

"ACT NONCHALANT! HERE COMES YOUR HUSBAND!"


"ACT NONCHALANT! HERE COMES A KILLER WHALE!"

"I'VE CAUGHT A LOBSTER!"

"A LOBSTER'S CAUGHT ME!"

"THE BOAT IS UP THERE!"

"THE BOAT IS GONE!"

"WHAT IS THE BOAT DOING DOWN HERE?"

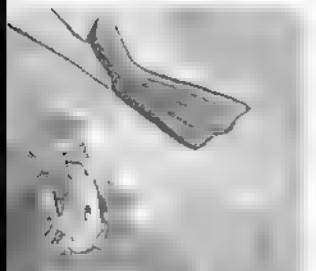
"HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH?"

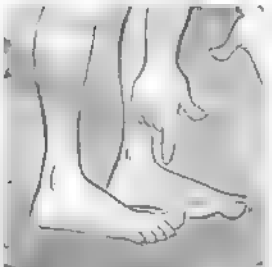
"MY SUNBURN IS KILLING ME!"

"I THINK WE ARE IN A SEWER!"

"I'M FROM YOUR DRAFT BOARD!"

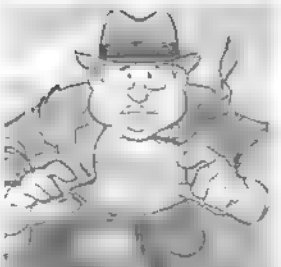
"I'M FROM AUSTRALIA!"


"I'M GETTING THE HECK OUT OF HERE!"


"YOU ARE STANDING ON A STINGRAY!"

"I HAVE RAPTURE OF THE DEEP!"

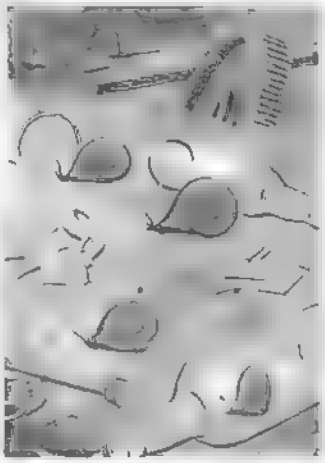
"I HAVE RUPTURE OF THE GROIN!"


"THIS IS NOT A NEW SCUBA OUTFIT! I FELL OUT A FERRY!"

EXPLORING UNDERWATER

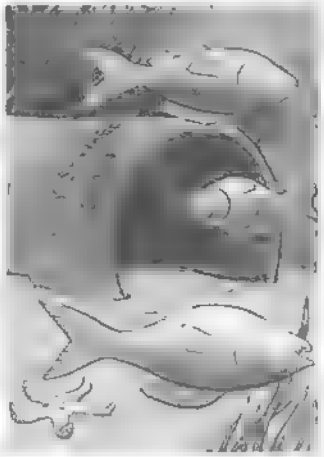
The waters around us, whether ocean or lake, abound with magnificent marine life. The Diver will be richly rewarded if he is alert and observant and seeks them out.

Here is a lovely sight to see—a bayscallop skipping gaily through placid water.

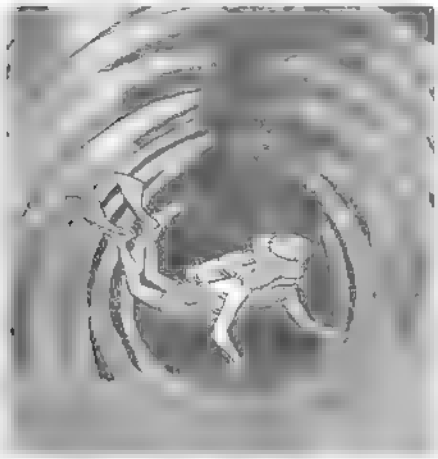


Snails are plentiful, and they are fun to watch as they slowly wend their way.

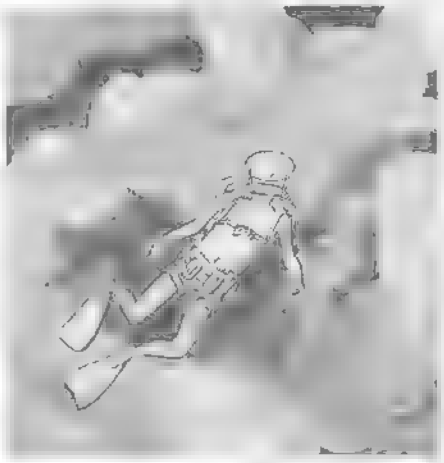
Bright colored underwater plants sway to and fro like graceful ballet dancers.



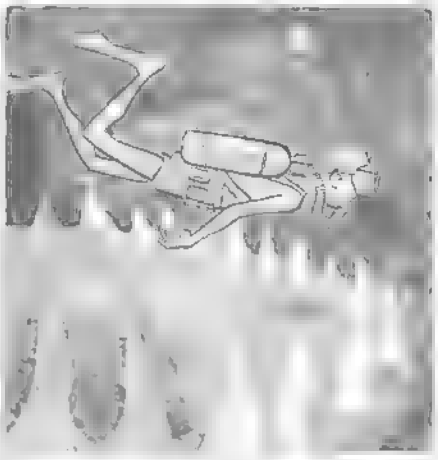
Many varieties of fish will float lazily by in swiftly moving currents and eddies.



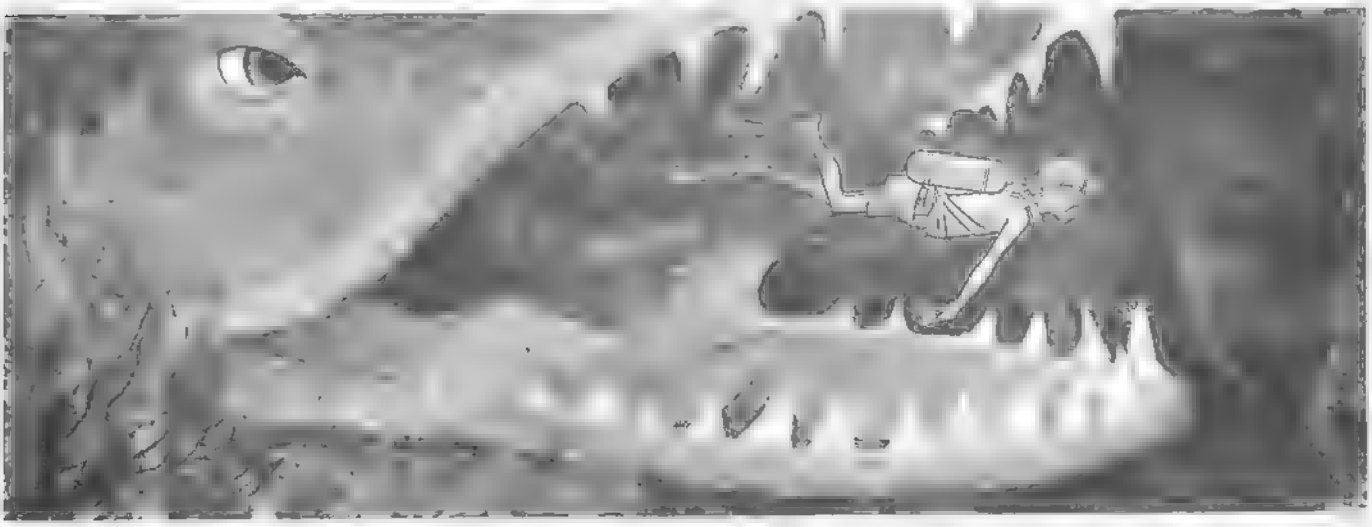
Here we see a beautiful white "Arch Coral," distinguished by its symmetry.



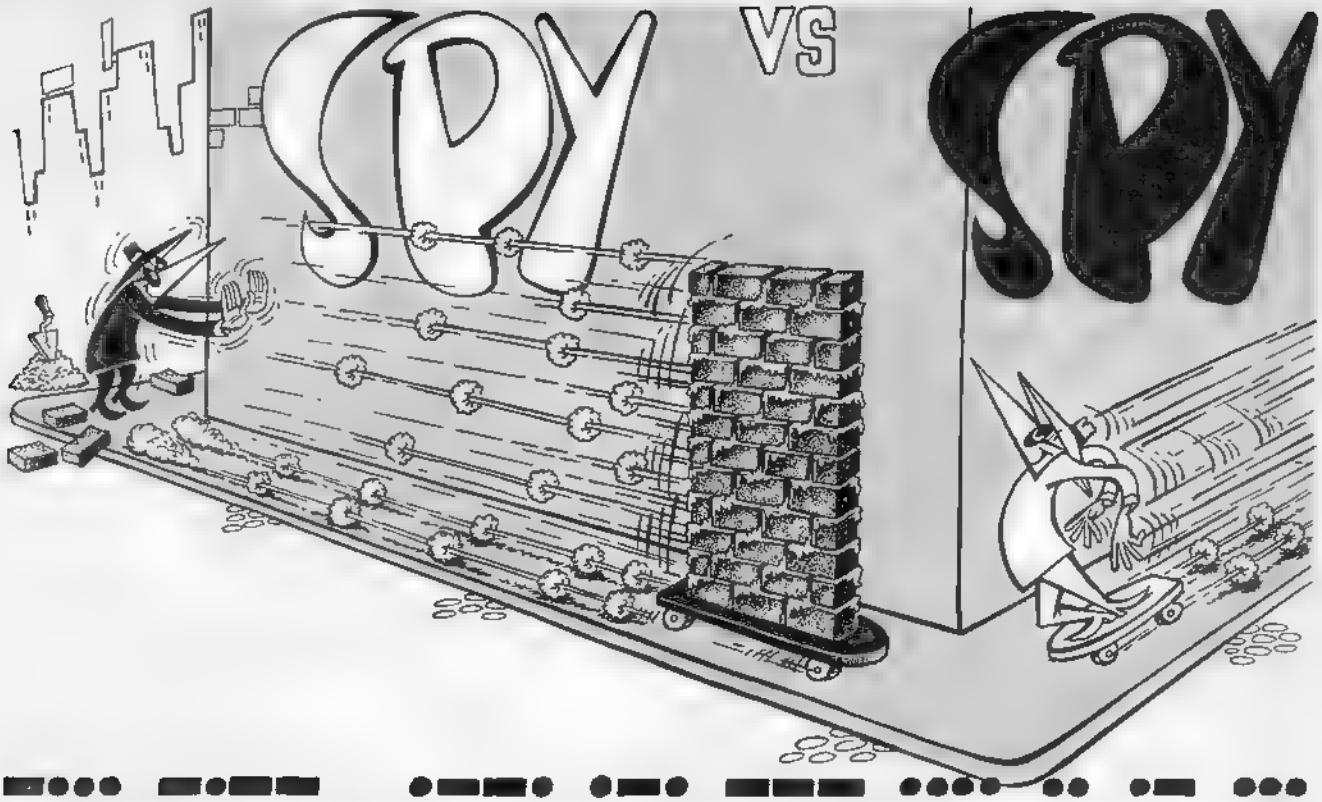
Here we see the dazzling "Pink Giant Sausage Plant," gracefully undulating.

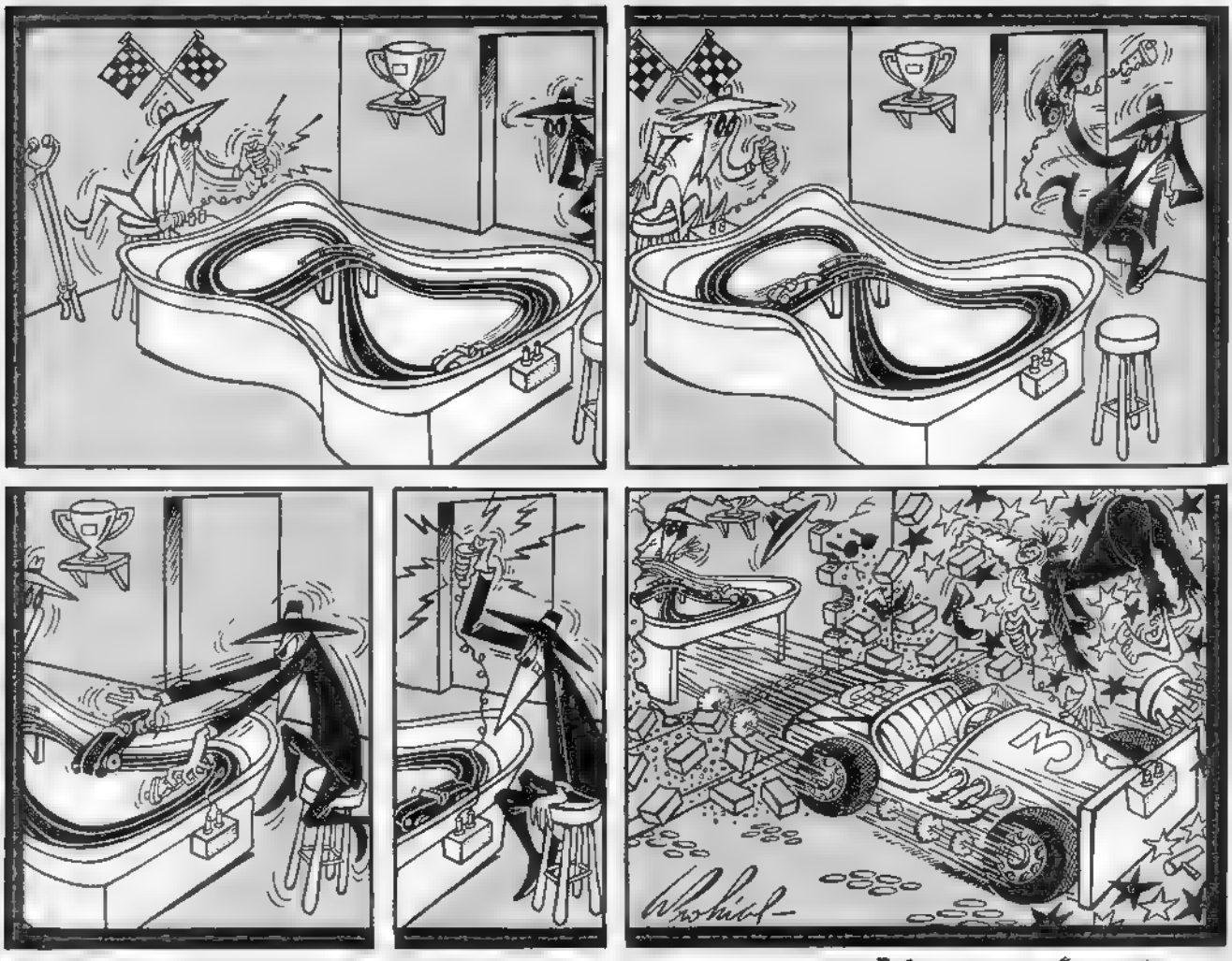


Now we see the little "Picket Corals," growing in their semi-circular design.



Yes, there is no limit to Nature's bounty under the sea . . . providing, of course, that you are alert to its dangers as well as its pleasures. The beautiful, and yet safe places above are certainly spots that any diver would be anxious to revisit!


SPY
VS
SPY



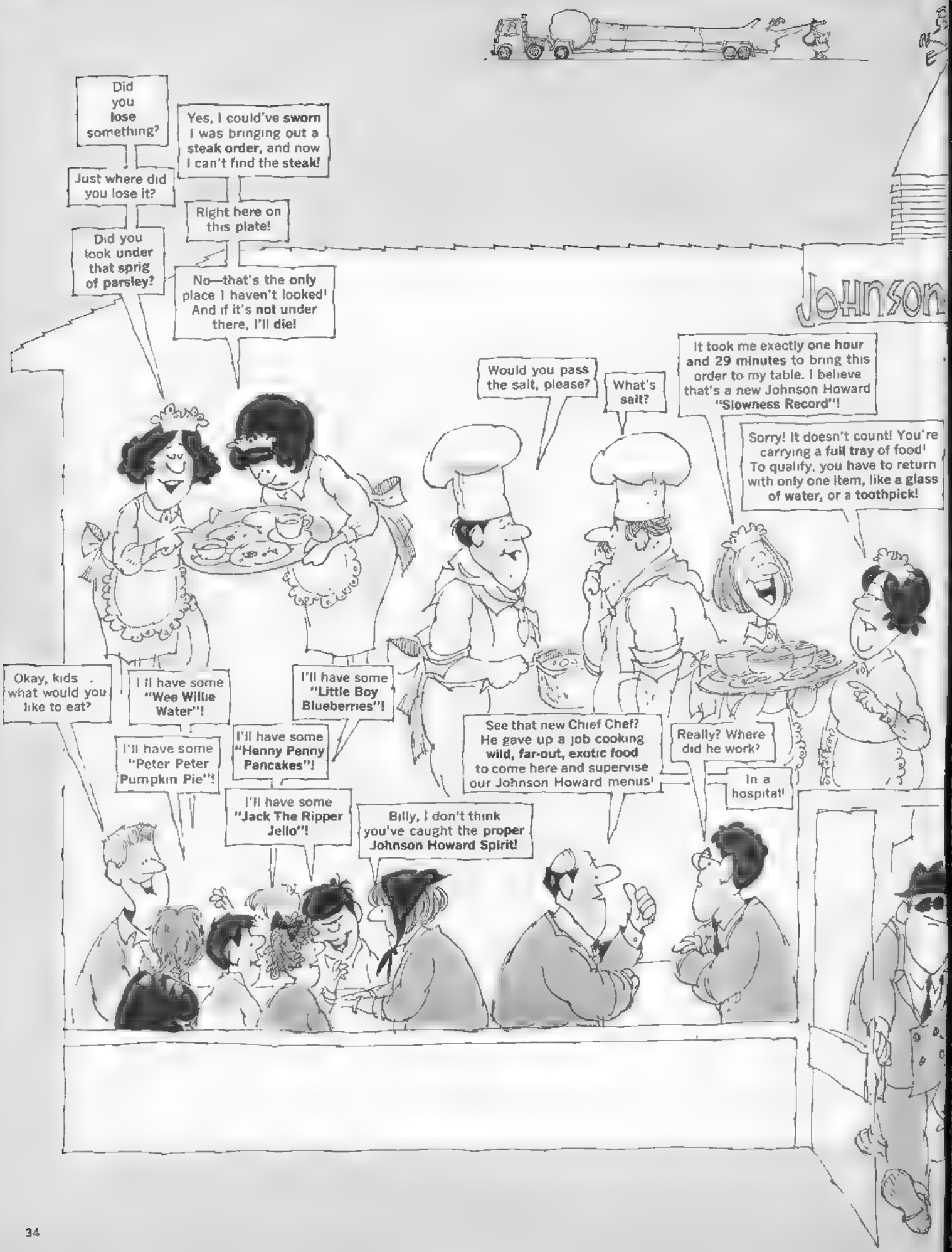
ONE FOR THE ROADHOG DEPT.

HEY GANG, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT AN AVERAGE, HUNGRY AMERICAN FAMILY RIDING ALONG AN AVERAGE HIGHWAY IN MOST PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY . . .

Anyone that has traveled around the country by car knows what it's like to be caught under the hypnotic spell of the "Johnson Howard" name . . . the name that is synonymous with American Roadside Dining. What is it about a Johnson Howard's that attracts motorists like the sea attracts Lemmings? Is it the delicious food? Is it the prompt, courteous service? Is it the 28 exotic ice cream flavors? Just what goes on inside these orange-roofed colonial-style restaurants that continues to strengthen their Svengali-like hold on the American public? Let's find out as . . .

MAD VISITS A TYPICAL JOHNSON HOWARD'S Restaurant

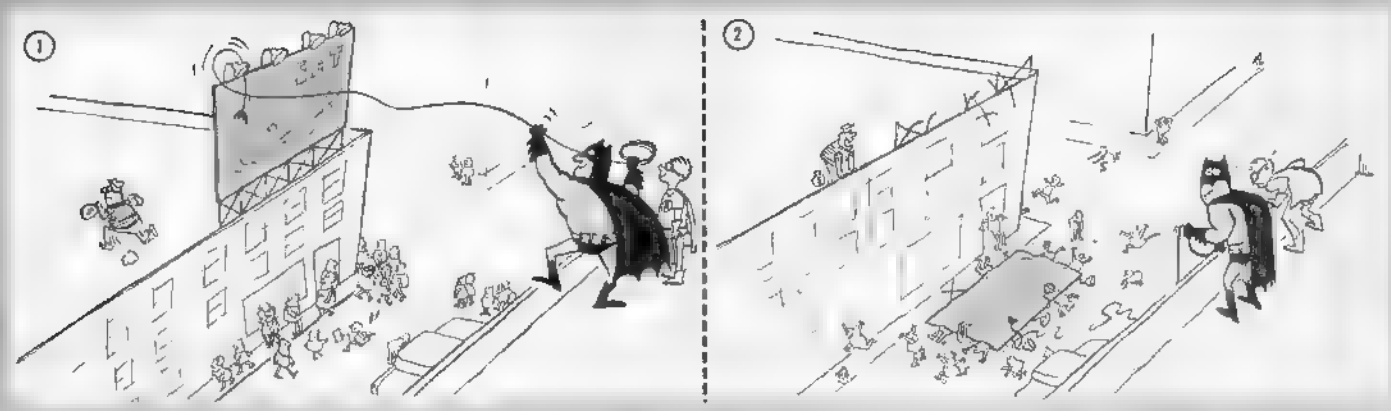
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

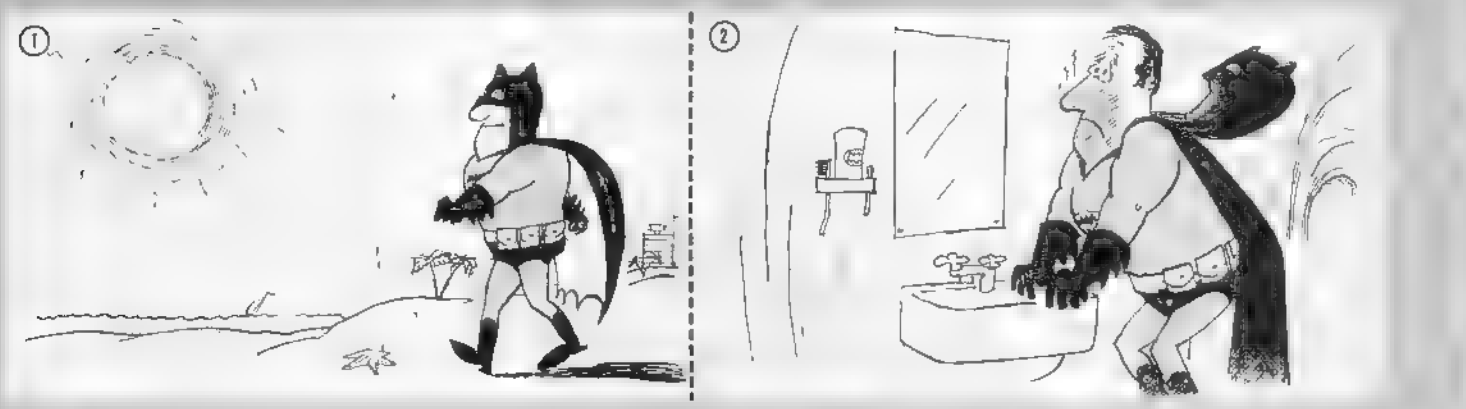

Did you lose something?
Yes, I could've sworn I was bringing out a steak order, and now I can't find the steak!
Just where did you lose it?
Right here on this plate!
Did you look under that sprig of parsley?
No—that's the only place I haven't looked! And if it's not under there, I'll die!
Johnson
Would you pass the salt, please?
What's salt?
It took me exactly one hour and 29 minutes to bring this order to my table. I believe that's a new Johnson Howard "Slowness Record"!
Sorry! It doesn't count! You're carrying a full tray of food! To qualify, you have to return with only one item, like a glass of water, or a toothpick!
Okay, kids . what would you like to eat?
I'll have some "Wee Willie Water"!
I'll have some "Little Boy Blueberries"!
I'll have some "Peter Peter Pumpkin Pie"!
I'll have some "Henny Penny Pancakes"!
I'll have some "Jack The Ripper Jello"!
Billy, I don't think you've caught the proper Johnson Howard Spirit!
See that new Chief Chef? He gave up a job cooking wild, far-out, exotic food to come here and supervise our Johnson Howard menus!
Really? Where did he work?
In a hospital!

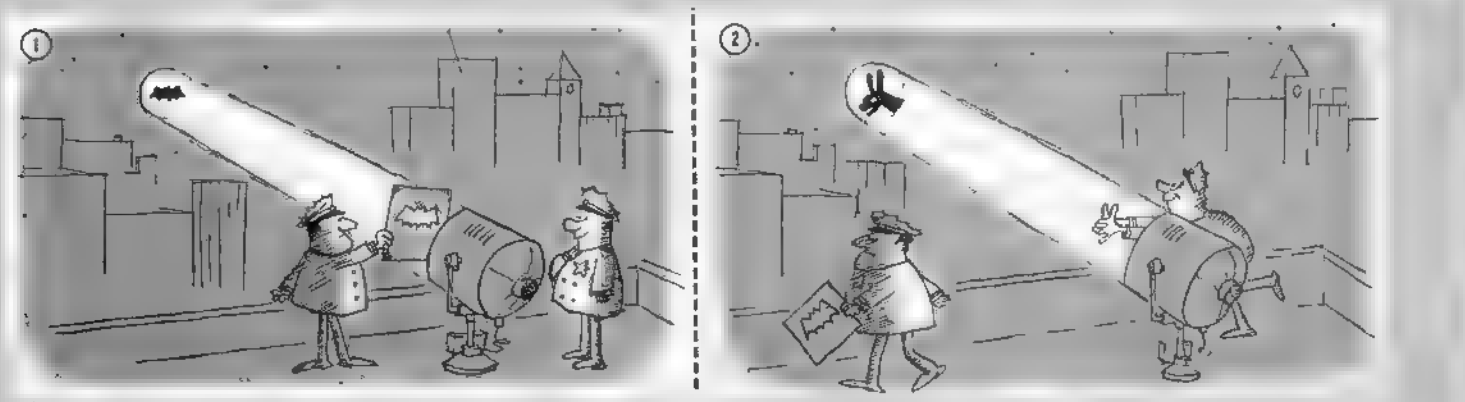
. . . and Chicken Fat Ripple . . . and Lasagna Chip . . . and Swiss Almond Halvah! That's 28 Delicious Flavors!
Gee, they all sound so great —but what do they taste like?
What's the difference? We're always all out of everything but Chocolate and Vanilla!
I'm probably the slowest waitress in the entire Johnson Howard organization!
No, me! I am!
Oh, yeah? Well, I'm pregnant!
Well, so am I!
Well, I'm in my 23rd month!
Er—Hi, Champ!
HOWARD'S
Where is Waitress Lumpkin?
She's been—er—smoking in the Ladies Room for an hour!
That so? I always knew she had the makings of a great Johnson Howard's Waitress!
How come those two F.B.I. agents are taking away our Manager, Mr. Gloomp?
Yes, I'm aware of that!
You're aware, of course, that it's every American citizen's patriotic duty to enjoy eating at Johnson Howard Restaurants?
Well, Mr. Gloomp failed to turn in the names of four complaining customers to the House Committee on Un-American Activities!
What's this, my Johnson Howard bean soup or my Johnson Howard coffee?
How should I know? I just serve it! I don't taste it!
We l, th s has brown lumpy stuff floating around in it!
Oh -that must be the coffee!
Where's our food? I'm starving!
Patience, Henry! You know that slow service is part of the Johnson Howard tradition!

WEST–WARD–HO-HOI DEPT.

A MAD LOOK

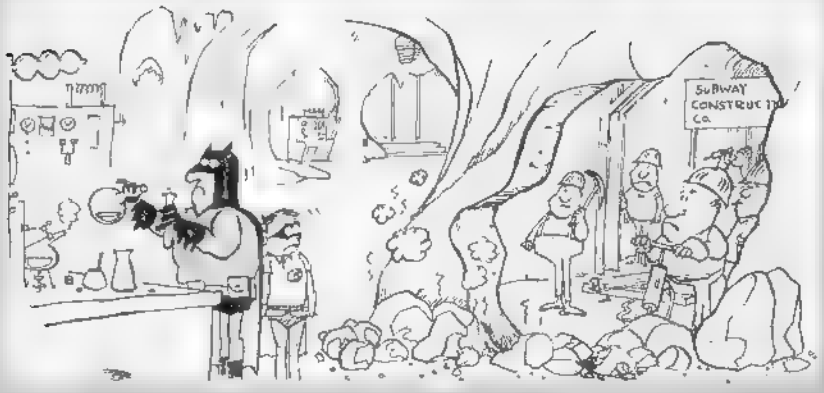


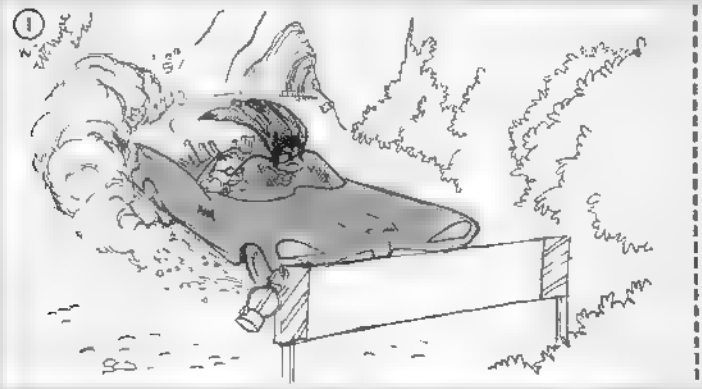


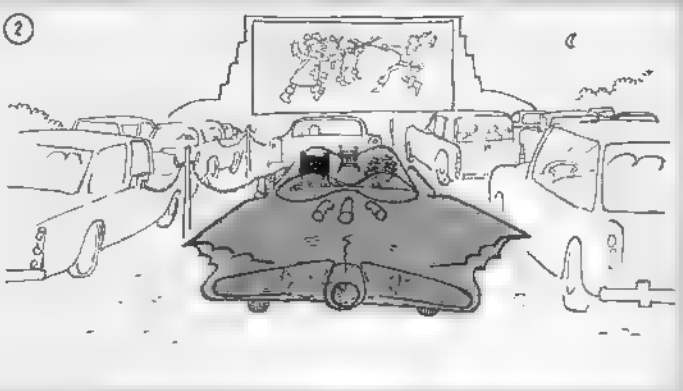


AT BATMAN

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







R.I.P. KIRBY DEPT.

According to U.S. Government statistics, the average American lives to be 70 years old. This, however, is not the case with the average American comic strip character. In the comics, it seems that people never die of old age; they just go on living . . . presumably forever. And this, of course, is preposterous. Nobody can live forever, not even these lovable folks in the comic strips. Therefore, let us look ahead to those black days in the not too far off future when we will open our newspapers, turn to the death notices, and be greeted by the following . . .

Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Oliver Warbucks Dies; RENOWNED TYCOON WAS 71

Oliver Judson Warbucks

Oliver Judson Warbucks is dead.

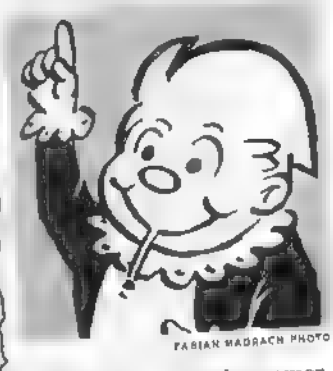
The 71-year-old tycoon, who was known as "The Shirt-Stud King", collapsed in his Manhattan offices this morning on learning that President Johnson would run for re-election.

Born Oliver Warbrzsky in Brooklyn, Warbucks began his career as a peddler of men's underwear. With his profits, he began his shirt-stud company in the back of a candy store. After wiping out his competitors in the famed Rhinestone Price War of 1922, he merged his activities into one giant corporation, "Warbucks, Punjab and Asp."

Warbucks leaves one survivor, an adopted daughter, Annie, 45, to whom he has bequeathed the sum of one dollar. The remainder of his $17 billion estate will go to the National Institute to Combat Baldness.

It is requested that no flowers be sent to the funeral. Mourners are asked, instead, to send contributions in Warbucks's name to the John Birch Society.

KATZENJAMMERS PERISH IN BLAST



FABIAN MADRACH PHOTO

Mr. Hans Katzenjammmer

BRADFORD MADRACH PHOTO

Mr. Fritz Katzenjammer

Twin brothers Hans and Fritz Katzenjammer, 72, were killed today when their home-made bomb exploded prematurely. The victims had planned to detonate the bomb underneath the chair of their father, Captain Heinrich Katzenjammer.

The Katzenjammer brothers were born in Donnervetter, a suburb of Munich, Germany, but were deported by the German Government in 1914 for being too warlike.

The family moved to a small island off the coast of Africa where the brothers spent their careers inventing new methods of liquidating Captain Katzenjammer and a family friend, known as "The Inspector".

No funeral services will be held. Instead, the surviving members of the family will hold a three-day celebration. Arrangements are being handled by Rollo Worthington, a family friend.

NANCY RITZ DIES AT 42

Miss Nancy Ritz

Nancy Ritz, 42, died in her home today after taking an overdose of sleeping pills. Police term the death an apparent suicide.

According to a friend, Morris "Sluggo" Kelly, Miss Ritz had been despondent for the past 18 years, due to her inability to reach adolescence.

She is survived by an aunt, Fritzie Ritz.

Snuffy Smith, 55, Dies In Explosion

Snuffy Smith, 55, died in an explosion at his Tennessee farm today. The blast took place when he mistakenly emptied a can of gasoline into a five-gallon tank of simmering corn liquor.

According to witnesses, Smith was last seen passing in a northeasterly direction over the farm of a neighbor, Caleb Perkins.

Smith was born in East Tater, Arkansas, moving out of the state at the request of the State Liquor Authority. He became a successful turnip farmer, being aided greatly by his wife, Lowizee, whom he used as a plow.

A firearms enthusiast, Smith was noted for his marksmanship. His favorite targets were possums, buzzards and agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

In addition to his wife, Smith is survived by a son, Jughaid, and a cousin, Barney Google, a famed horse-breeder.

Donald Duck Killed In Hunting Accident

Mr. Donald Duck

Donald Duck, 36, noted man about town, was shot to death today in a hunting accident. Duck was killed by two hunters who mistook him for a species of wild canvasback.

Duck was born in a marsh near Chillicothe, Ohio. He became an orphan at the age of five when his parents, Exeter and Mamie Duck, strayed too close to a pillow factory.

A spirited eccentric, Duck was known for his clever wit, all of which was unintelligible. He countered this, however, with savage bursts of temper which accomplished nothing.

Duck is survived by an uncle, Scrooge, and three nephews, Huey, Dewey and Looey. In accordance with the wishes of the family, Duck's body will be sautéed over a low flame at 300 degrees.

PRINCE VALIANT DIES

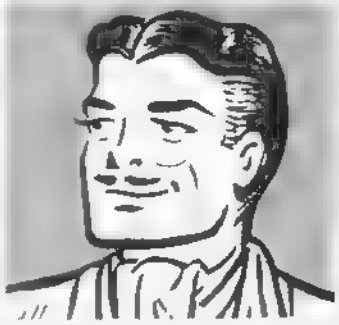
Prince Valient, a crusading knight, died yesterday of natural causes. He was 649.

SMILIN' JACK MARTIN DIES AFTER ACCIDENT

Smilin' Jack Martin, 60, an out-of-work test pilot, died today of injuries sustained when he drove his car off the Golden Gate Bridge.

According to a surviving passenger, Downwind Jackson, Martin was suddenly stricken with the false impression that he was in a plane. "I would have warned him," Jackson said, "except I was looking the other way."

Martin was born in Kokomo, Indiana. He entered his first air meet at the age of seven, placing last when the rubber band broke. In 1941, at the request of the Army, he became a test pilot for the Navy. In 1944, during a dogfight with Japanese Zeros, he nearly lost his life when his



truss became impaled on his throttle.

Immediately following his death, the United States Government announced that Martin's moustache would be put on permanent display at the Smithsonian Institution.

Dick Tracy Dies Of Gun Wounds

Dick Tracy, 66, a local police detective, died today of lead poisoning after being shot for the 47th time in the left shoulder.

A dedicated lawman to the end, Tracy was giving instructions over his two-way wrist radio until just before his death in Mercy Hospital. According to Police Chief Pat Patton, Tracy's last words were, "I'll finish the job—up there!"

Born in New York City, Tracy enrolled in the New York Police Academy in 1919, and graduated in 1928. During World War II, he aided the scrap-metal drive by donating 33 bullets lodged in his body.

He is survived by an adopt-

Detective Richard Tracy

ed son, Junior, and a half-brother, Morton ("Fearless") Fosdick. Immediately after Tracy's death, his widow, the former Tess Trueheart, announced her marriage to Chief Patton.

MANDRAKE DIES MYSTERIOUSLY

PHOTO TAKEN IN 1945

Mesmerist M. J. Mandrake

Mandrake J. Mandrake, 68, the noted magician, died today under mysterious circumstances while rehearsing a new magic act for the Ed Sullivan Show.

According to police, Mandrake had just finished successfully changing his assistant, Sidney Lothar, into an ocelot, when the beast suddenly attacked him, clawing him to death before the magician could utter the magic words that would have brought Lothar back to his human form.

Mandrake is survived by a half-brother, known as the Phantom. Lothar has been purchased by the Bronx Zoo.

REX MORGAN DIES; PHYSICIAN WAS 49

Dr. Rex Morgan died in his office last night after trying unsuccessfully to remove his own appendix. He was 49.

Morgan was born outside Crawford's Crossing, West Virginia, and graduated with honors from the Acme Correspondence School in 1936, receiving a degree in Animal Husbandry. Three years later, he entered the Eastern West Virginia School for Veterinarians, but was dismissed from the institution after incorrectly diagnosing a hoof condition in a champion Black Angus as "Athlete's Foot".

Further details of his career were unavailable. Telephone calls to his office for the purpose of gathering this information were intercepted by his Answering Service, who insisted he was "making rounds at the hospital".

Henry Smith Found Dead In Elevator

FROM A RECENT PHOTO

Mr. Henry Smith

Henry Smith, 48, was found dead today in a stalled self-service elevator. A doctor at the scene estimated that Smith had been trapped there for at least three weeks.

According to medical reports, Smith remained alive until shortly before his body was found. It is believed that if he had cried out for help he could have been rescued. But for unknown reasons, he failed to let his presence in the elevator be known.

Friends and relatives of the deceased will attend private funeral services tomorrow at 11:00 A.M. at which time, in Henry's memory, they will observe two minutes of noise.

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD DIES IN ACCIDENT AT OFFICE

PHOTO CAREFULLY RETOUCHED IN 1953

Mr. Dagwood Bumstead

Dagwood Bumstead, 61, was crushed to death today in a giant computer. The accident occurred in the offices of the J. C. Dithers Construction Co.

In describing the tragedy, J. C. Dithers, president of the firm, said that he had told Bumstead to run some information through the computer. Bumstead, it appears, took the order too literally.

Dithers immediately announced that he would use the money in Bumstead's pension fund to pay for the cost of repairing the computer.

Bumstead was employed by Dithers as an assistant associate junior executive. He joined the company in 1938 as an assistant associate junior executive.

Pallbearers at the funeral will include Dithers, neighbor Herbert Woodley, postman Myron Beezley, and Horace Dripple, a family friend.

JOE PALOOKA DIES AFTER RING KNOCKOUT

Joe Palooka, one-time heavyweight champion, died last night shortly after being knocked out in a five-round preliminary bout in the Altoona, Pennsylvania, Boxing Arena. The 55-year-old boxer was attempting a comeback.

According to his ex-manager, Knobby Walsh, now retired in Miami, Palooka refused to give up boxing even though he had been knocked out in 31 of his last 32 fights.

In recent years, Palooka worked as a sparring partner for local boxers and as a runner for city mobsters. It is estimated that the former champion earned more than two million dollars in his prime. But a series of bad investments left him bankrupt.

He is survived by his ex-wife, the former Ann Howe, now a waitress in the Times Square area.

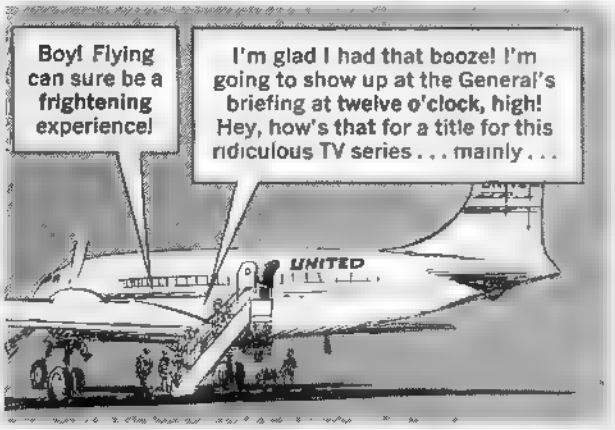
Mary Worth Is Dead At 83; Made Fortune Selling Apples

Mary Worth, 83, died today of an acute earache. She had acquired the ailment, doctors reported, as a result of having to listen to the problems of her several hundred friends over the past fifty years.

Born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, Miss Worth was the daughter of vaudeville stars, Sam and Flossie Worth. At 18, she began her own stage career, becoming famous as an exotic dancer at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. She was known especially for her daring artichoke dance, in which she performed in a costume made up of two dozen artichokes.

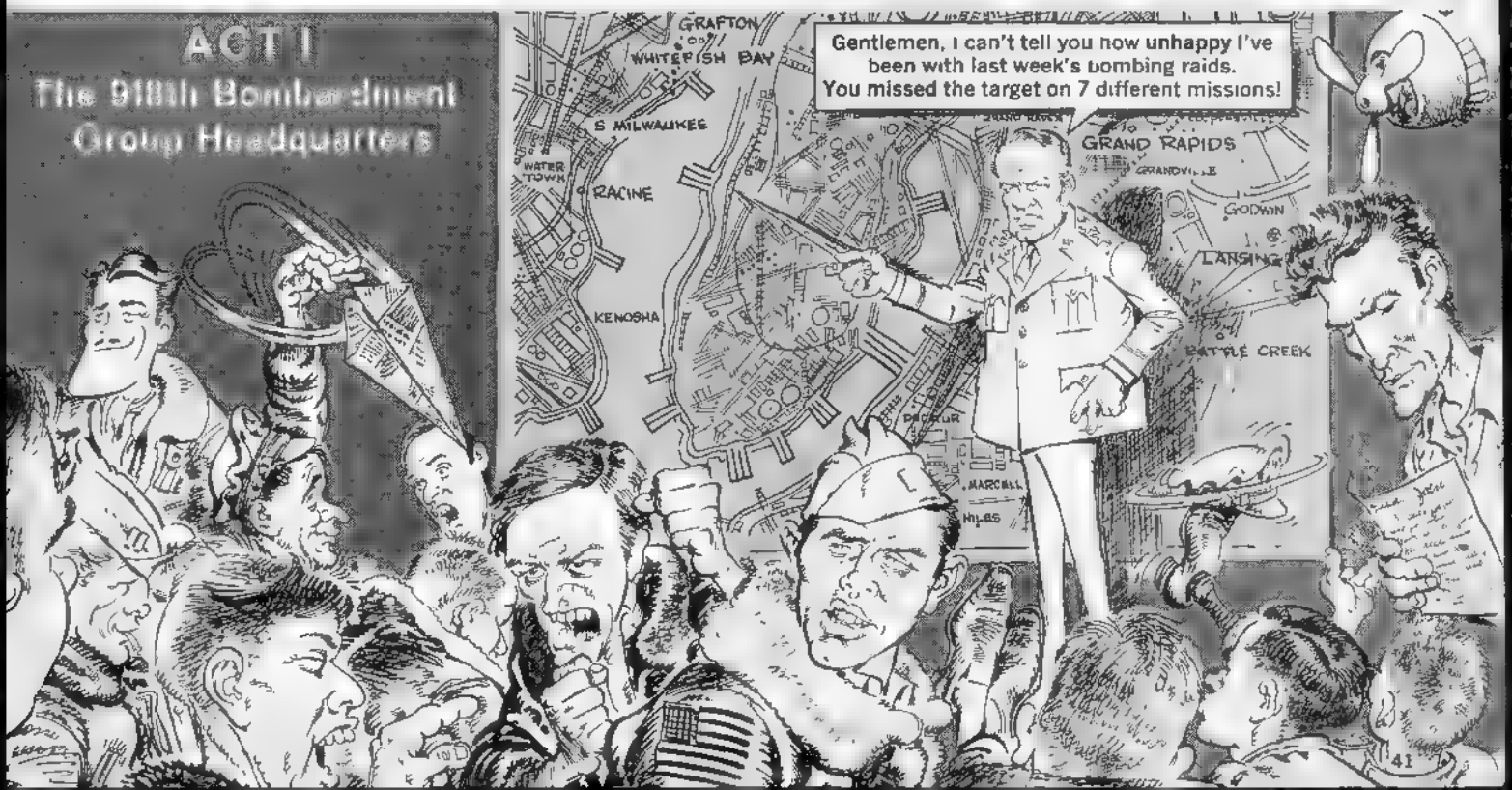
When her savings were wiped out by the Stock Market crash of 1929, Miss Worth was forced to sell apples. Known as Apple Mary, she amassed a fortune, which enabled her to devote the rest of her life to her favorite hobby, meddling.

Miss Worth is survived by a distant cousin, Juliet Jones.



12 O'CROCKED HIGH

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



But sir, that target defies all means of practical bombing It's on the side of a mountain! The missions were impossible!

Then I guess there's only one man for the job . . .

You mean . . .

Yes . . . Batman!

Not Batman, you idiot! Colonel Gullible! Hello? Sergeant? Has Colonel Gullible arrived yet? Good! Send him in immediately!

Glad to see you, Colonel. I was just briefing the men on th s new mission. These red pins represent our positions, and the black pins are the bad guys!

What are those blue pins . . . ?

That's the color my wife wants the dining room. But forget that! What I want is a bomb dropped squarely on every black pin!

We'll need some pretty tiny bombs!

I'm talking about the enemy positions, you idiot! Now the rest of you get back to your quarters while Colonel Gullible and I map out the rest of the details.

First let me tell you, Colonel, that I've selected the best co-pilot available for this mission. Capt. Sweat!

You mean Old Sweaty? My roomie at West Point? My buddy in basic training? My co-pilot on my first flight?

That's him!

I hate his guts! If he goes, I stay! And if I go, he stays! And if we both stay, you go! And if . . .

Now, Colonel! What could that mild-mannered, soft-spoken, gentle-living man like Capt. Sweat have done to warrant such hostility?

He stole my wife away from me!

That happens sometimes. A woman gets tired of being married to the same man and . .

On my wedding day? He was my best man! He was also the first one to kiss the bride! And that was the last I saw of both of them!

I never figured you to be the kind to hold petty grudges. But even so, Colonel, personal matters are one thing, bombing pins are another! You're going to sweat out that mission with fly—er—fly out that mission with Sweat . . . and that's an order! I only wish I was going with you . . .

Why don't you come along, sir?

I have a serious disability that keeps me from flying. Worst case of dandruff in this man's army. And you know what a drawback that can be in a crowded cockpit. So I'll do the best I can down here. Now good luck, Colonel Gullible! And if you don't mind, here's a few quarters for you to take out some flight insurance in my name . . .

PLING!

ACT II—The Plane

Well, if it isn't old Colonel Gullible! Funny thing—your wife and I were just talking about you the other day. How are you, Joey, boy . .

Don't you call me Joey, Sweat! Ever!

Touchy about your first name?

Yes! Especially since it's Jimmy! But I'm Colonel Gullible to you, Captain Sweat! Remember that! And one thing more—I may have orders to fly with you, but there's nothing in the rule book that says I gotta like you! Personally, I hope your half of the plane crashes!

If that's the way you want it, Colonel, that's the way it will be. Your wife and I couldn't care less!

Are you ready for take-off, Red-Dog?

The right wing, engines and landing gear are, sir!

The left wing, engines and landing gear are, too—maybe more so, sir!

Good. Now do try and take off together!

Pilot to gunner . . . pilot to gunner! Do you read me?

Yes sir, yes sir!

"Yes sir, yes sir?" What's that, a nursery rhyme? "Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full"? It's "Roger" on a plane, Cummings. You know that!

This isn't Roger, sir. This isn't even Cummings! This is Sgt. Wolfe. I pretended to be Cummings—which wasn't easy considering I'm 4 foot 6 and he's 6 foot 4—

It is you, Wolfe! Are you out of your mind? You're not trained for this kind of mission. I'm taking this plane home!

You can't do that! This plane is government property and I'll report you for stealing if you take it home!

Please let me go on this mission, Colonel I'm tired of all the other guys saying my job means nothing and that they do all the dirty work!

You do the dirtiest work on the base, Wolfe. You're the finest boot-black I've seen. The way you scrape the mud off the boots and all. Why, it's a great feeling to go into battle with the shiny shoes that only you are responsible for!

Tail gunner to pilot . . . aircraft at ten o'clock!

Let me show you what I can do, sir!

Wolfe, don't!

BRATATAT

How's that, sir?

Excellent! But I don't think Pan-American Airlines is going to be too thrilled about it. You know . . . with the civilians and all! But you did show spirit! So I'm going to let you stay on, even though I'm breaking every rule set up by our government—not to mention a few set up by the enemy.

PAA

You won't be sorry, sir!

Navigator to pilot . . . navigator to pilot . . . we're way off course, sir!

How can that be?

Perhaps the reason has something to do with the fact that both you and Captain Sweat are not in the cockpit, sir!

Well, set our course as south-by-southwest by northeast-by-west and maybe just a pinch to the right . . .

SOMEBODY TALKED.

HUH

I think we're approaching the target area, sir!

How can you tell, Lieutenant?

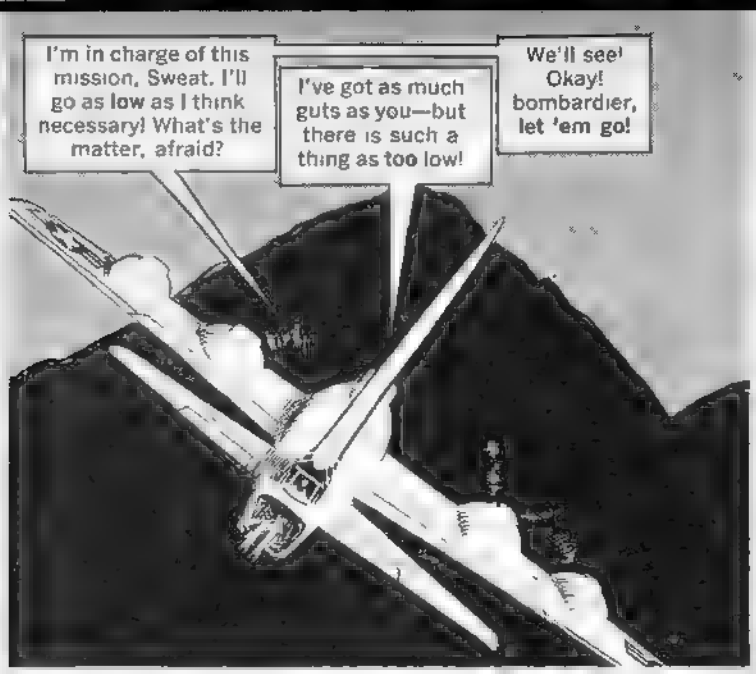
I see these huge black pins sticking into the ground!

That's it! Now listen close, men . . . we're going to come in pretty low so that we can drop the eggs right into the basket!

Should we drop the bombs on the target at the same time, sir?

Good idea, Wolfe! I'm glad I decided to let you stay on. Hear that, bombardier? Get ready with the bombs as well as the eggs!

Don't go any lower, Colonel!


I'm in charge of this mission, Sweat. I'll go as low as I think necessary! What's the matter, afraid?
I've got as much guts as you—but there is such a thing as too low!
We'll see! Okay! bombardier, let 'em go!

I can't, sir! We're too close to the ground for the bomb-bay doors to open!
Then grab one, hop out, run over and throw it on the target! We'll wait!
Watch that mountain!

What moun . . ?

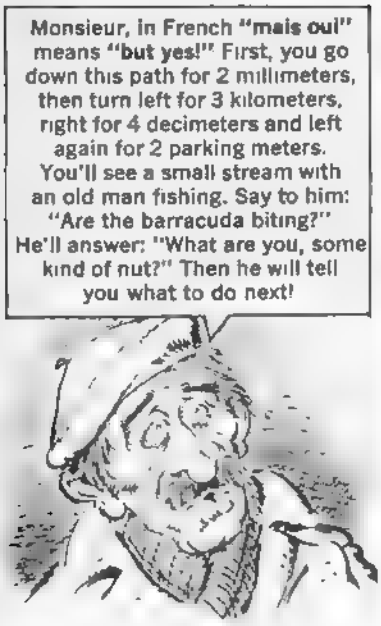
That was the most incompetent, ineffectual and ludicrous maneuver I have ever seen in all my years in the service!
You won't win me with compliments, Sweat! We're in this together and we'll get out of it together!
?

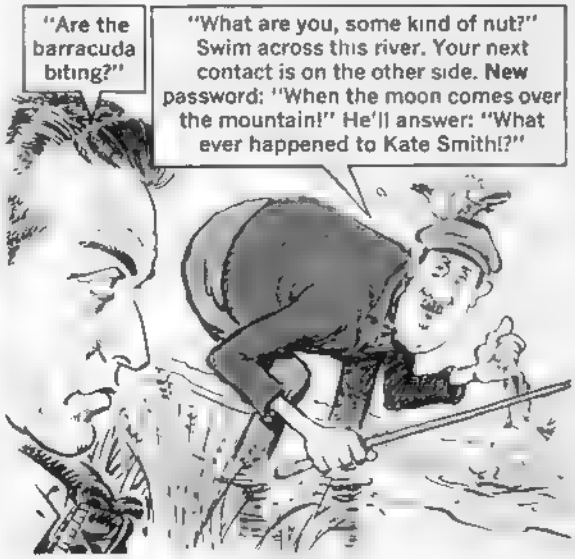
Pssst! Messieurs! It is I, Lucky Pierre of the French Underground!
Boy, am I glad to see you!
Wait a second, Colonel. This might be a trick! What if he's a German pretending to be French? Better let me throw a few questions at him first . .

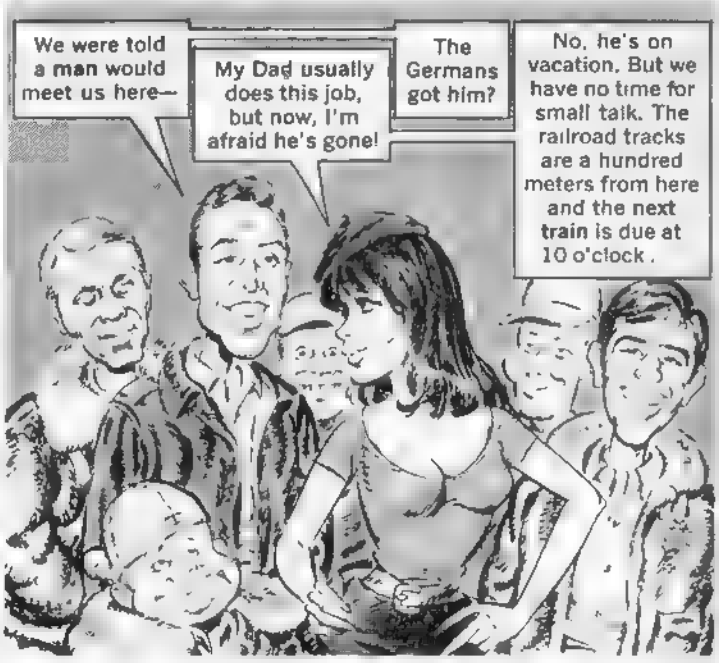
Where is the Eiffel Tower?
In Paris, no?
He's okay!

Good! Pierre, can we get back to England?
Mais oui!
Can we, may we . . . this is no time to correct my grammar!

ACT III—At The Stream







We're getting close to the village of Roald-Dahl! Your contact will be a fisherman who will get you on a boat that will take you to England.

How will we know which fisherman?

There is only one. How many fishermen do you need in a town 300 miles from the ocean? The whistle is blowing. That's the signal!

Can we jump now?

Mais oui!

Okay, may we jump now?

You'd better! If I hear that awful gag one more time I'll push you out!

ACT IV—Headquarters

Well, we might as well go in . . .

Let's face it like men . . .

Mercy, mercy . . . pity . . . oh, pity . . .

We did our job well! It was the crew's fault!

At ease, men. I knew teaming you two up was a stroke of genius! What a wild idea—purposely crash-landing right on target so that the enemy, in trying to finish off your disabled plane, blew up the target themselves! The whole operation can be described in only one way—pure fantasy! But what the heck . . .

EPILOGUE

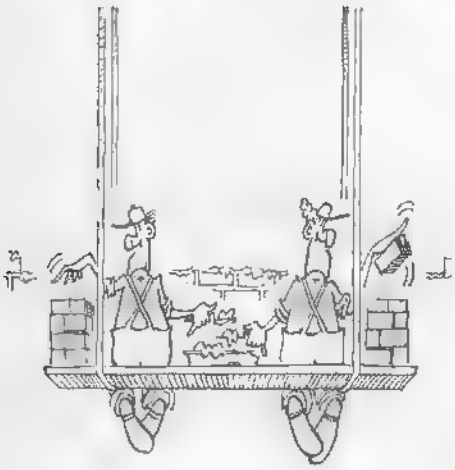
Well, Sweat! We were thrown together against our will, but side by side we accomplished our mission! So, before we part, I'd like to give you a little something to remember me by . . . something that will remind my wife of me each time you're together . . . something I hope you'll keep permanently . . .

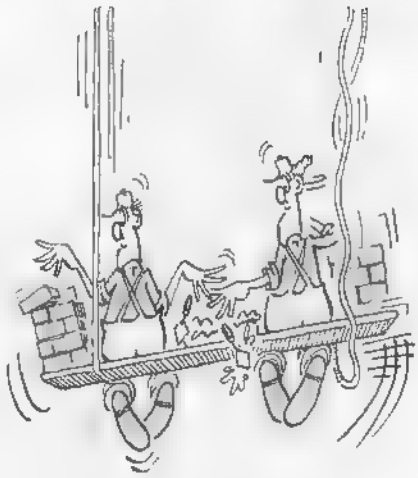
A broken nose!

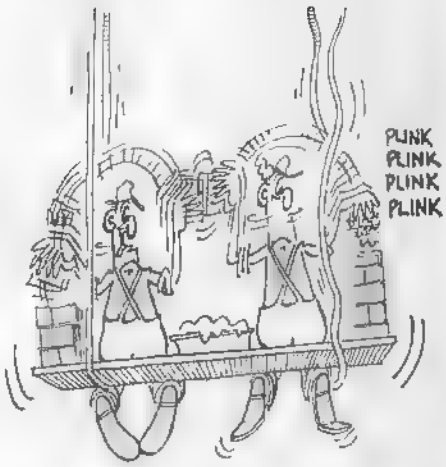
QT DRUCKER

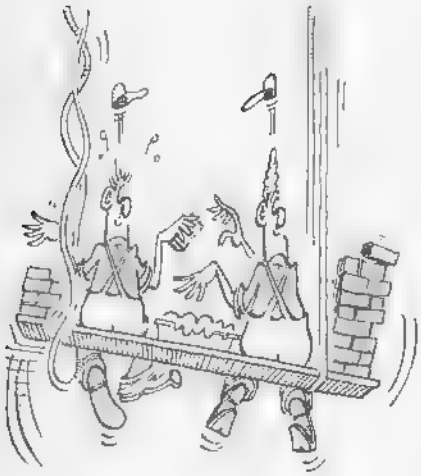
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

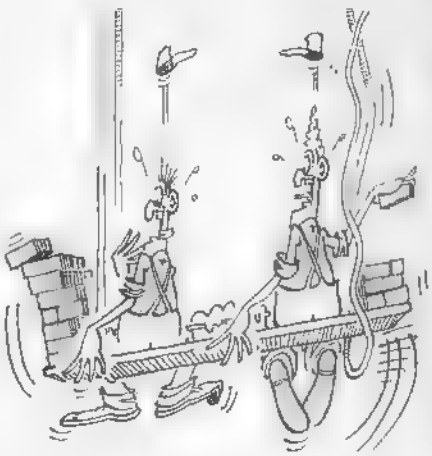
THE BRICK LAYERS...

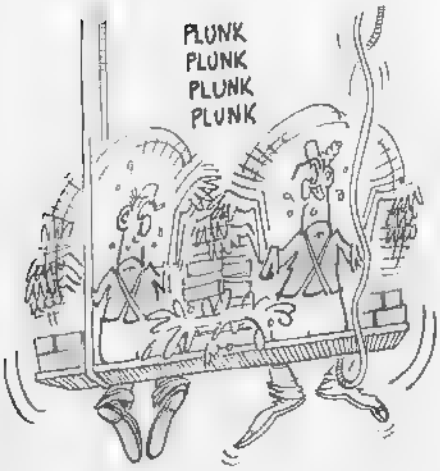


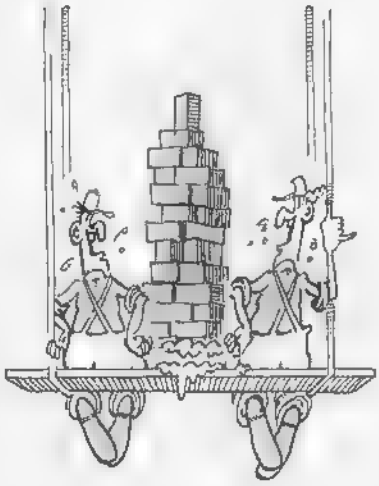






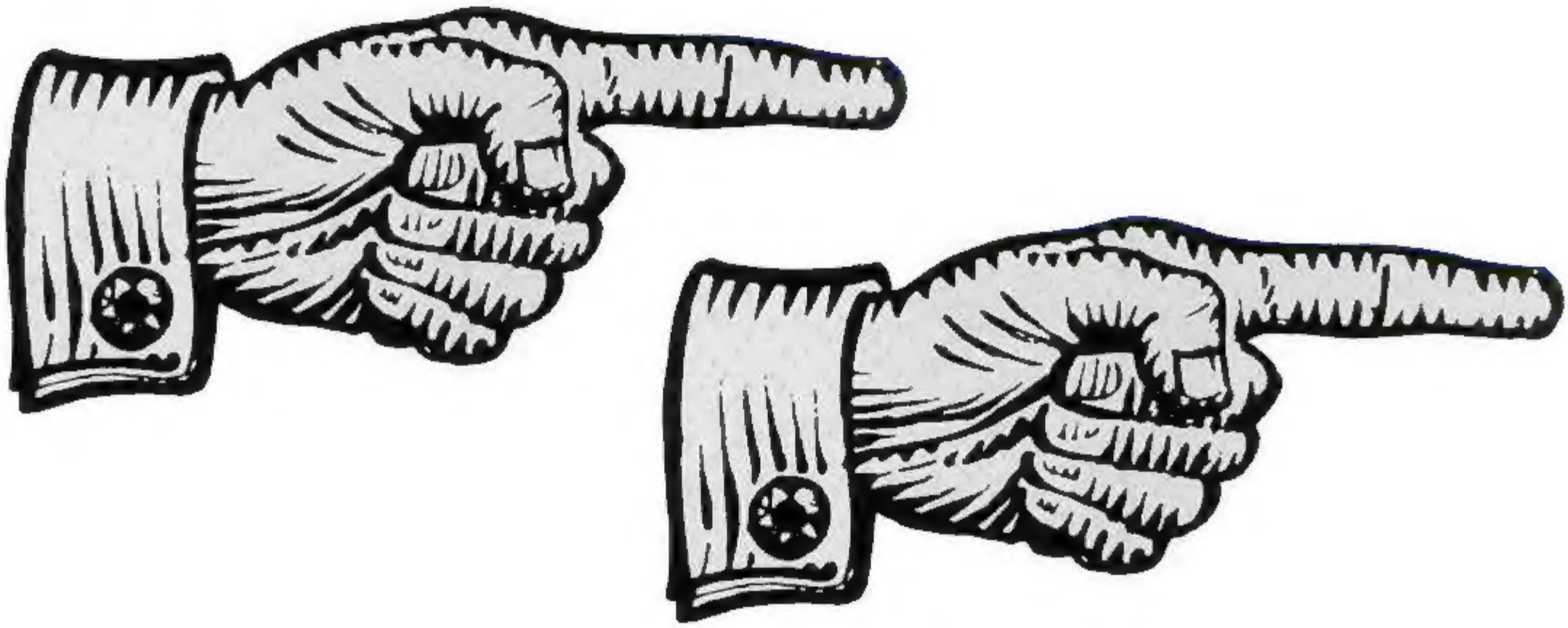






Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT PROFITABLE CAR-BUYER MARKET WILL AUTOMAKERS STUPIDLY LOSE AGAIN WITH THIS YEAR'S MODELS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Spectacularly designed cars, brilliantly promoted, will send the auto manufacturers' profits skyrocketing again next year. But these profits could be even higher if automakers bothered to plug a leak through which a lot of prospective car-buyers are lost. To find out how they are lost, fold page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

KICK-OFF FOR BIG PROFIT SCRAMBLE WILL BE JAZZY NEW, GIMMICK-FILLED 1967 MODELS, SOON TO BE UNVEILED IN SHOWROOMS EVERYWHERE. THEN UNSAVORY AD CAMPAIGNS WILL CONVINCE ALMOST ALL CAR-BUYERS THAT LIFE CAN BE GAY AND MEANINGFUL IF THEY DRIVE ONE OF THESE FLASHY CARS

A ▸ ◂ B

WHAT PROFITABLE CAR-BUYER MARKET WILL AUTOMAKERS STUPIDLY LOSE AGAIN WITH THIS YEAR'S MODELS?

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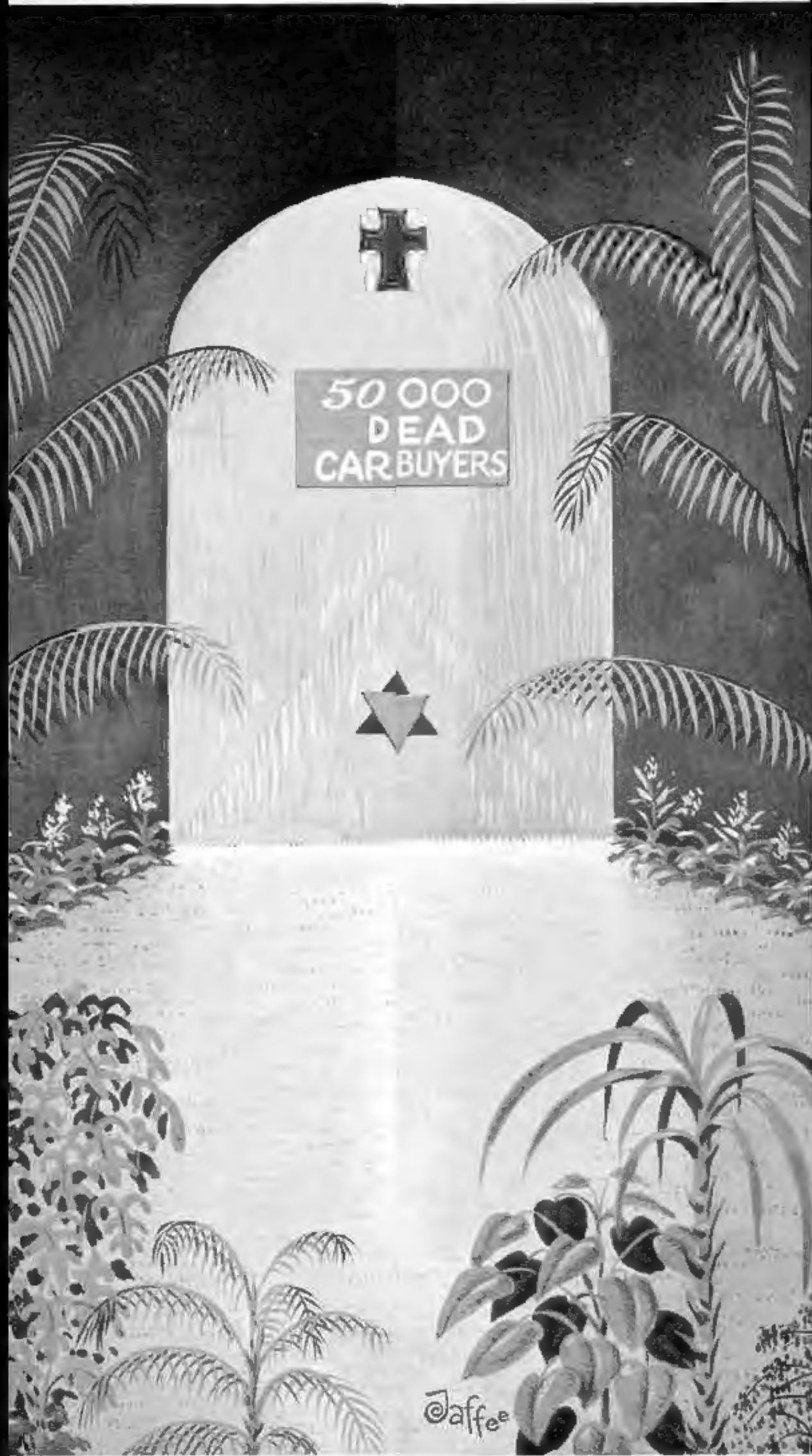
A ◀▶ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

KILLED
IN
UNSAFE
CARS

A ◀▶ B

Early One Morning In The Jungle

ARTIST: FRANK FRAZETTA WRITER: DON EDWING